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EDITORIAL NOTICE:—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

It is easy to understand why the new Government has such a bad Press. The Asquithian Press would have damned a Government of Solons appointed by Mr. Lloyd George. The Northcliffe Press is sulky because the head of the family is not Foreign Secretary, and nothing more than the Assistant Secretaryship has been given to a brother, without so much as a ribbon or a peerage. *The Morning Post* is irritated by the appointment of Mr. Churchill. The Beaverbrook Press affects the jaunty disdain of the man of the world: who are these people? And does it matter? *The Sunday Times* wags a minatory finger at the poor mean creatures, buzzing like flies on the window-pane of history. The most benevolent critics treat the arrangement as provisional and temporary. And yet, when all has been written and read, it is a very strong Government. We remember that when Mr. Balfour resigned in 1905, Taper said to Tadpole, "The Rads can't even form a Government!"

What is the matter with the Government? It is all very well to talk about young men, and new blood: but where are they? Where are these budding Bolingbrokes, these potential Pitts, these suppressed Disraelis? We see them not. To begin at the top, not since Lord Grey in 1830 appointed Brougham has there been such a surprise as the promotion of Sir F. E. Smith to the Woolsack. This is how Creevey communicated the news to his step-daughter. "By God! Brougham is Chancellor. It is supposed he will be safer there, because, if he don't behave well, he will be turned out at a moment's notice, and he is then powerless. What a flattering reason for appointing him!" That is certainly not the reason why "F.E." has been appointed, though we may say in passing that it is not quite so easy to turn out a Chancellor at a moment's notice as Creevey seemed to think, and as Messrs. Asquith, Balfour, and Lloyd George would doubtless admit.

The surprise was excited by the abandonment, at the age of 47, of a leading practice at the Bar and a seat in the House of Commons during a most exciting period of history. One can understand the cold-blooded cautious Murray forcing Walpole to make him Lord Chief Justice. But one would have thought that Sir Frederick Smith, with apparently untireable energy and an eager temperament, would have "drunk delight

of battle with his peers" for many a year to come. Perhaps the Attorney-General felt he had already drawn too heavily on his mental capital. As for the new Chancellor's legal qualifications, how many of the scribes of Fleet Street are competent critics of a man's law? *The Times* is particularly spiteful on this chapter: but we remember that the Attorney-General once spoke of "the astonishing ignorance" of a *Times* leader on a legal subject.

It is the perfectly regular practice to appoint the Attorney-General to the Lord Chancellorship: indeed, he has a prescriptive right or customary reversion to the office. There is therefore nothing to be said against the appointment, except that the new Chancellor is younger than usual, that he is not dull, and does not put on that air of solemnity which Johnson told Boswell a professional man must assume. But we implore his new Lordship to take the A.B.C. and hunt up a good territorial title: let him call himself Lord Banbury, and hang the dormant claims; the peerage cannot stand another Lord Smith. There are, we believe, two Lord Weirs, both from Glasgow, though they are not related to one another. Will not the second one kindly call himself Lord Cowcaddens or Gorbals?

The other appointment on which the most venomous criticism has fastened is that of Mr. Churchill to the War Office, which recovers the Air Service from the hands of Lord Weir. We have recently condemned Mr. Churchill's policy as Munitions Minister in giving the 12½ per cent. bonus, and we have not changed our mind about that. But with regard to Mr. Churchill's conduct as First Lord of the Admiralty, we confess that we did him grievous injustice, in common with the rest of the world, because the Government suppressed the facts. The first bombardment of the Dardanelles forts in February, 1915, was abandoned, we believe, because something went wrong with the *Queen Elisabeth's* guns, and she had to come home. But the second bombardment, on the 18th March, was abandoned after three ships had been sunk, although it is now established by irrefragable evidence, that had the fleet returned on the next day, or any day, it must have got through.

It is a grim comment on our system of "free and popular" government that the public should learn the facts about the Dardanelles expedition from Mr. Morgenthau, ex-Ambassador of America at Constan-

tinople. For the first three months of 1915 the Germans and Turks lived in daily expectation of the appearance of the "invincible British fleet" in the Golden Horn. Special trains and commandeered motors were in daily readiness to convey Enver, Talaat, and Wangenheim beyond the reach of British guns. On the 18th March, the day of the bombardment, the German technical officers prepared to escape into Anatolia on the appearance of the British fleet on the 19th, but the fleet never came. Admiral Carden must have reported to Whitehall after the bombardment of the 18th: who forbade him to return on the 19th March?

It looks as if Mr. Churchill had been sacrificed to screen Lord Fisher, or Lord Kitchener, or the Cabinet, for it is obvious that it cannot have been Mr. Churchill who forbade the fleet to return to carry out his own policy. It may be necessary, no doubt it is necessary in war-times to sacrifice an individual reputation to that of a Cabinet or a Government, for the sake of discipline or the maintenance of the national spirit. But now that the war is over (at all events on the sea), there is no reason why we should not admit that the Dardanelles expedition was the one stroke of brilliant and imaginative strategy in the war, which failed owing to the stupidity or caution of someone, not its author. If we admit this, we must acknowledge that Mr. Churchill has been loaded with unmerited abuse, and robbed of merited praise.

It seems to be Mr. Churchill's fate, like Burke's, to be pursued through life by "a hunt of obloquy." For many years the Tories remembered only that he had left them. Then he angered the Orangemen in 1914 by threatening Ulster with the Navy. But if we can forget Mr. Lloyd George's opposition to the Boer War and his Limehouse period, surely we might be equally generous to Mr. Churchill, and, remembering that he has been unjustly denounced for the faults of others, welcome him to his new post at the head of the Army and Air Force. The Prime Minister is, of course, cognisant of the facts about the Dardanelles expedition, and mindful of them had the courage to restore Mr. Churchill to a post in his first Government, in the teeth of vehement opposition from the Tories. He has now placed him in a situation where his early experience as a fighting soldier ought to recommend him to the Army, and where his courage and imagination—two rare qualities in a politician—will have an ample field.

Lord Weir No. 1 hands over the Air Force to Mr. Churchill, who passes on the Munitions department to Lord Weir No. 2. This latter job is one of immense magnitude, calling for business experience before everything. There are hundreds of millions' worth of stores to be disposed of in the Munitions department. There are the millions of shells to be taken to pieces for their copper and iron or steel. There are hundreds of miles of rails and rolling stock, and road metal, and motors of every kind to be disposed of. Heavy loss there must be in the salvage and sale, and there is the danger of flooding the market. By the way, it may be hoped that the enormous stores of food for the army when sold may cause the cessation of the vexatious rations which we civilians have endured. We remember the scandals that followed the Boer war in the disposal of surplus stores, and we look to Lord Weir No. 2 to save us from jobbery.

Perhaps the appointment that has been most uniformly approved is that of Sir Robert Horne to the Ministry of Labour. Sir Robert Horne has won one of the Glasgow seats, the Hillhead division, and is a leading advocate at the Edinburgh Bar. He returns to a department with whose work and officials he is already familiar, having been previously in charge of the Labour Control department of the Admiralty. Like all men of first-rate mental calibre, Sir Robert Horne knows how to appreciate and to use the ability of those who work with him as subordinates, and no depart-

ment is better manned than the Ministry of Labour. Upon his shoulders will fall the main work of demobilisation. Of course, a growl has come from the Labour Party; but, except upon the principle that "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," we see no reason why the Minister of Labour should be a member of the Labour Party. On the contrary, we think that a barrister, who knows the meaning of a contract and of evidence, is far better qualified for the Ministry of Labour than a Trade Union Secretary.

It is now understood that Mr. James W. Lowther, who is very jubilant over the result of female enfranchisement, will be elected to the Chair at the opening of Parliament. It is equally certain that he will not retain that post for a longer time than is necessary to start the new House of Commons on its career, probably for the first session. Speculation has therefore already begun as to his successor. Sir Donald Maclean, who has so often been mentioned in connection with the leadership of the Opposition, would make an admirable Speaker, except that he does not belong to the predominant party. The idea that Mr. Asquith, who has been Prime Minister for eight years, and has commanded the applause of listening senates, would consent to become Speaker is silly. If Mr. Asquith had wanted a dignified and lucrative post he could have made himself Lord Chancellor at any time. Some of his friends think it a pity he did not.

As we have no reason to believe the despatch published by *L'Humanité* a forgery, we must thank M. Pichon for having administered a well deserved rebuke to Mr. Balfour. It is simply shocking that the British Foreign Office should have proposed to admit to the Peace Conference a representative of the Russian Bolsheviks. The message of congratulation from the House of Commons to Kerenski on the deposition of the Tsar was bad enough: but not so bad as the proposal to admit to the company of decent men a wretch whose hands are red with the blood of his murdered countrymen, whose pockets bulge with stolen bank-notes, and whose very clothes are probably stripped from some corpse in Petrograd. The French Government very properly replied to this cynical suggestion from our Foreign Office that it would neither recognise nor negotiate with criminals.

We agree with the *Westminster Gazette* and President Wilson that food is the key to the question of European peace. In his message to Congress Mr. Wilson declares that Bolshevism cannot be stopped by force, but it can be by food. The House of Representatives at Washington evidently agreed with the President, for they voted a hundred million dollars for the Famine Relief Bill by a large majority. The common people are not Bolsheviks from any speculative views on government, still less for the fun of the thing; but simply because they are starving, and have no work. Some weeks ago we stated that millions in Eastern Europe and in Russia would be dying of starvation this spring, and we were rebuked by a correspondent for exaggeration. But it is or will be literally true, unless the Western powers supply food. It is not a question of feeding the Germans, who have, we believe, enough of keeping alive the people of Austria, the Balkans, and Russia.

It is now apparent that the original terms of the Armistice were not sufficiently comprehensive. The omission to be most regretted was that the surrender of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince and the commandants of the prison-camps was not demanded. As THE SATURDAY REVIEW has repeatedly pointed out, those responsible for the cruelties to prisoners will have disappeared by the time the peace terms are agreed, and the scent grows colder every day. Marshal Foch has added several useful requisitions in extending the armistice. All the German merchant vessels are to be handed over, for the carriage of food, though it is not clear whether they are to be restored on the signing of peace. All the gold in the Reichsbank at Berlin is to

be conveyed to Frankfort, a very wise precaution in view of what has taken place in Russia. Revolutionary patriots have a way of absorbing gold. Then all the material looted from the factories in France and Belgium is to be restored, and all the remaining U Boats delivered up, and those in course of construction destroyed. But suppose the Germans refuse to comply with these demands—what then?

It strikes us as very absurd that Brazil, which has suffered practically nothing and has very little interest in European politics, should have three representatives at the Peace Conference, while Belgium and Serbia have only two, and our Colonies only two apiece, and the four Great Powers only five each. Equally absurd is the decision—indeed we can hardly credit it—that each Power is only to have one vote, whatever the number of its representatives. If there are to be votes, presumably they will be used to decide questions at issue. And it is ludicrous that on such a question, for instance, as the freedom of the seas, Brazil or Serbia or the Czecho-Slovak republic should have the same deciding power as Great Britain or the United States. This is a revival of the folly of the International Tribunal adopted at the Hague Conference in 1908.

The Irish Sinn Feiners are meditating "a demonstration," both in Ireland and the United States, in order to influence opinion at the Peace Conference. That demonstration may not be without bloodshed; and it will be interesting to see what attitude the older Irish Nationalists will adopt towards it. Now that the war, or at least the fighting of big armies, is over, the Sinn Feiners hope that they may induce the naturalised Germans in America to make common cause with them. And there is no doubt that Mr. Wilson might easily be cornered on the subject of "self-determination." What the Irish Celts are to England that were the Slavs to the late Austrian empire. The Slavs in the Austrian empire suffered actual oppression, and their national aspirations were suppressed with cruelty. British statesmen, on the contrary, have treated Irish Celts with the indulgence of spoilt children. But the principle in both cases is the same, the suppression of a nationality dangerous to the Imperial Government.

If President Wilson is asked, "How can you advocate giving self-government to Czecho-Slovaks, Slovenes, Poles, Ruthenes, Croats, Montenegrins, Arabs, Armenians, and denying it to Irish Celts?" what could he answer? He could only answer, "The Irish Celts suffer no actual oppression; they are well and kindly governed: and the British Government regards 'self-determination' in their case as dangerous to the British Empire." That is a good and true answer, as far as practice goes: theoretically it is weak, and Mr. Wilson is a man of theory. The death of Roosevelt makes a good deal of difference to Mr. Wilson. Had Roosevelt lived, both he and President Wilson would have stood as "third-term" candidates. But now that Roosevelt is gone, Mr. Wilson can hardly seek election for the third time. This may make Mr. Wilson more independent of party considerations at the Peace Conference: but at the same time it may weaken his power, and stir up repudiation of his policy in the Senate.

"Authority forgets a dying king."

"East is East and West is West," said Rudyard Kipling, which being interpreted means that black is black and white is white. We never heard of Sir S. P. Sinha until we read in the papers that he had been appointed Under Secretary for India, but he appears to be a leading advocate at the Indian Bar. We do not wish to say anything derogatory of His Majesty's Indian subjects beyond stating the fact that they are not white. The injection of Sir S. P. Sinha into the House of Lords deprives that historic body of the last remnant of prestige which clings to the British aristocracy.

Lord Leverhulme is a bold man, for he has undertaken a task on which the late Sir James Matheson (of the great house of Eastern merchants, Jardine, Matheson & Co.) sunk hundreds of thousands in vain. Lord Leverhulme has sent for Mr. A. M. Samuel's book on "The Herring," and is about to make the island of Lewis, which he has bought, a centre of the fishing industry, by improving the labours and starting a canning factory. The Lews, as it is called in Ross-shire, is a big sponge surrounded by a stormy sea, and inhabited by a race of crofter fishermen, whose habits are as primitive as those of the Celtic peasantry of the south and west of Ireland. Sir James Matheson built himself a charming castle at Stornoway; but his attempts to reclaim the bogs and moors had no more commercial success than similar attempts of the Duke of Sutherland on the mainland. The real want of the island, no doubt, is improved harbours, and quays; and if Lord Leverhulme can keep Gaelic agitators out, he may succeed where others have failed. The island was sold to Matheson by Stewart Mackenzie (Seaforth) of Brahan Castle.

We publish a letter from an "Officer" saying that the Commanding Officers have no power to retain men whose release from their units is demanded by the Labour Ministry. That men are so detained is beyond dispute: it is a fact within our personal knowledge. Who, then, is responsible for the detention, which is still causing the greatest inconvenience and bitter but quite natural exasperation? It is certainly not the Labour Ministry, who pass on to the military authorities all applications for release which they consider justifiable. Can it be that the delay is caused by the War Office? Is it the case that General Burnett-Hitchcock's office is choked with the number of applications, and that many of them remain there? If that is so, General Hitchcock must apply for more clerical assistance, which he might well obtain from the departments which are unloading clerks.

No more pleasing and graceful incident has occurred in this war than the gift of food by the British Army in Italy to the starving people of Vienna. The food was given by the British soldiers out of their rations, and the special train entered Vienna with an escort of 100 men of the 2nd Warwick-shires. The escort marched through the streets headed by their officers and band to the Rathaus, where Major Bethell told the Burgomaster that the gift was made in recognition of the way in which the Austrians had treated their prisoners compared with the barbarity of the Germans. There was a touch of chivalry about this, recalling the days when wars were fought by professional armies who were proud of their calling and its honour. There are men in England to-day whose foreheads have been branded by the Germans with a German eagle, or "Gott strafe England." But it is not these poor men whom the Germans have branded—science will come to their aid—but their own good name with indelible infamy.

After three or four days of street fighting in Berlin in which three or four hundred people have been killed, the Spartacists or Bolsheviks have been crushed by the Majority or Moderate Socialists. The same result appears to have been attained without bloodshed in Württemberg by a general election on the basis of universal (including female) suffrage, where the Majority Socialist party have won a majority, though the German Democratic party (whatever that may mean) and the Centre Roman Catholic party have secured large votes. Southern Germany is strongly Roman Catholic, and in Bavaria the Bavarian People's party, which is described as Roman Catholic Centre, is in the majority, though a small one, over the Majority Socialists. The extremists are therefore beaten, and outside Prussia the struggle will be between moderate republicans and the Church of Rome.

OPENING OF THE CONFERENCE.

CENTURIES are, we know, arbitrary divisions of time. Yet it is striking that, without going back to the Deluge, at intervals of a hundred years the map of Europe comes up for re-making. In 1713 there was the Treaty of Utrecht; in 1815 there was the Peace of Paris, and in 1919 there is the Conference of Paris. The settlements of Utrecht and Waterloo were the results of great wars: they were supposed to end war, and were followed in a few years by wars. The proceedings that opened this week at Paris are the result of a war, and the object in view is precisely the same as after Blenheim and Waterloo, namely, to prevent war in future, and to re-arrange the map of Europe. It is supposed that this war has been more costly and more horrible than any previous war. But everything is relative. The population and the wealth of the world have multiplied beyond belief in the century since Waterloo. In proportion to the population and wealth of the world, has this war been more costly in lives and money than the war between England and France that ended in 1815? We have not made the calculation; but we are certain that the problems, economic and political, that confront the Conference at Paris are more difficult and more extensive than those which occupied the diplomats at Vienna a hundred years ago. Europe is in ruins. The empires of Germany, Austria, Russia, and Turkey exist no more.

The questions before the Conference divide themselves into three departments. There are (i) the peace terms to be offered, or dictated, to the vanquished enemies, Germany, Austria, and Turkey; there are (ii) the new States, including Russia, to be created out of the ruins of the old empires; and (iii) there are the means by which the terms are to be enforced, and the new States started. Here is matter for discussion which will certainly last six, and possibly twelve, months. But the very magnitude of the task will probably expedite its execution, for everyone will feel that to enter into details, or to protract argument, would lead to disaster.

There are three personalities engaged, and three only, Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, and President Wilson. A triangular duel is always interesting. Whether it is the obfuscating effect of our climate or our Constitution, Mr. Lloyd George is the only one of the three who has not clearly explained himself. M. Clemenceau, with a barbarous enemy living on the other side of a row of black and white posts, has bluntly declared in favour of an offensive and defensive alliance with great Powers, and has expressed a disbelief in a League of Nations. President Wilson, with some four thousand miles of sea and land between his country and Germany, has said, explicitly enough, that he is interested in nothing but a League of Nations embracing the whole world, and that European politics, or the Balance of Power, are indifferent to him. Mr. Lloyd George has given much lip-service to the League of Nations, talked of it at large on platforms, but has unwisely committed himself to absurdities and contradictions, which he would be glad to forget. The question, therefore, is, will M. Clemenceau gain Mr. Lloyd George to his view of an Alliance, or will Mr. Wilson win Mr. Lloyd George to his view of a League of Nations? Our susceptible Premier is notoriously open to influence, that is to say, the man who buttonholes him last gains him. Great results depend on who captures Mr. Lloyd George. This may seem a flippant way of putting it: but it is the fact. All the great issues in history have been decided by "some trick not worth an egg."

Here are some of the absurdities and contradictions to which English statesmen, and to some extent President Wilson, have committed themselves under the stress of popular institutions. There is to be a League of Nations, although outside the Five Great Powers, Britain, France, the United States, Italy, and Japan, there are no nations, using the word in the sense of political entities, with a government. General Smuts is in favour of including Germany in the League

of Nations, when Germany has a responsible and respectable government. But how long will that be? And what about Russia, Turkey, Hungary, Serbia, Greece, Bohemia, Poland, German Austria? Those countries have at present no governments. Is the League of Nations to be hung up until these nationalities establish responsible governments? If so, it is clear that the League of Nations can take no definite shape or physical form for a pretty long time, at least six, and more probably twelve, months. If the League of Nations is to come into existence this spring it can only be a continuance of the present alliance of the Five Powers mentioned above. Every sensible man must admit that. Then there is the twenty-four thousand million pounds which Mr. Lloyd George told the electors that Germany must pay. Every man (we do not say every woman), outside Bedlam is well aware that this is a fairy tale. Unless the period of payment is extended to five centuries, the utmost that Germany will be able to pay, with interest, is the pecuniary damage suffered by Belgium and France, and the loss of tonnage to Great Britain, and against the Lloyd George claim is Mr. Wilson's "point" that there are to be "no indemnities." Then there is the "boycott" of German goods, and the declaration of Mr. Havelock Wilson and his friends that no German shall land on British shores for at least seven years. But another of Mr. Wilson's "points" is that there shall be "no economic barriers." And how, may we ask, is Germany to pay even the damages to Belgium and France, unless she is allowed to trade? She cannot pay in bullion or specie, for it does not exist. The idea that the Allies are going to collect the customs dues, a percentage of the receipts from the railways, the mines, and the forests, can only be realised by a very large army of occupation. It must be remembered that the German nation consists of some seventy million souls of whom some twelve millions are men of fighting age. What sort of army of occupation would be necessary to force these twelve millions to work for the foreigners? A pretty big one, larger than England, France, or America is likely to furnish. Lastly, there is the famous question of "the freedom of the seas." Exaggerated importance has, in our judgment, been attached to the doctrine of the immunity of private property at sea, because the present war has shown that almost everything has become or may become contraband. When cotton and glycerine have become contraband of war, because used in explosives, there is very little left for the immunity of private property at sea. The only important point is whether the commercial blockade, that is, the blockade of areas as distinguished from ports and towns, is to be permissible. Britain must never abandon the right of commercial blockade, and Mr. Wilson might remember that it was the exercise of this right, quite as much as the generalship of Ulysses Grant, that enabled the North to defeat the South in the American Civil War. We do not recollect that in their blockade of the Confederate ports the Government of Mr. Lincoln paid any regard to the suffering caused to Lancashire by the stoppage of cotton shipments.

Such are some of the difficulties with which these three statesmen, Messieurs Clemenceau, Wilson and Lloyd George are confronted, and which will have to be circumvented or surmounted unless the Conference is to end in confusion, and the whole world to be submerged in anarchy.

BUSINESS GOVERNMENT.

DURING the Napoleonic wars the people of Great Britain tended to resent the label of "a nation of shopkeepers" applied to them by the most brilliant enemy in their long list of opponents. During the present war, on the other hand, a cult has arisen, which, so far from resenting such a label, has feverishly attempted to affix it. Nor are the supporters of this creed content merely with shopkeeping, which, after all, if inglorious, is at any rate decent, and even where described as merchandising, respectable. The

ble and that be Serbia. Those Is the 1 these ? If so take no ng time. If the s spring iance of ible man ty-four ge told man (we ll aware payment Germany ecunary the loss e Lloyd here are oycott Havelock land on another be "a is Ges France pay in dea tha s, a per e mines ry large that the on souls ing age cessary reignei ance of is the seas. nt, bee private war ha may be ine have plosives ate pro ether the of area be pe right of remembe much abled the vil War the Com paid and by the

go a stage further. Failing in theory, as they have tended to fail in practice, to distinguish between the work-shop and the bucket-shop, they endeavour to turn us into a people of business men with a Government of business men who govern for business men. This doctrine, which, for the first time in history, gives precedence to the huckster over the statesman, the saint, the scholar and the good plain man in the street, would hardly deserve serious notice if it did not appear to chime with something gross and even sinister that during the war has attacked the national imagination. This of all wars, so far as the British people are concerned, was a war of the knight-errant. In dark hours and behind all horror was the sense of spiritual adventure. Those who died became part of the legend that began as it ended at Mons with the angels. But those who lived, reversing the parable, attempted to extract out of sweetness, strength. They began with the bees and attempted to produce a decaying lion—no bad picture of this country if they have their way.

It is indeed difficult, bearing in mind what the moulders of the world, from Plato to Disraeli, have left us as precepts of government, to deal with a theory, which substitutes for the ability to foresee the forward movement of the world the ability to anticipate the downward movement of the money market. It is, perhaps, a not unnatural reversion from the idealism engendered by the war to a peculiarly crass form of materialism.

"O take the cash," cry its exponents, "and let the credit go." It may be true, they aver, that the sentimentalists believed that this was a war to end war. This, fortunately, they continue, is no time for sentimentalists, and it should therefore, be understood that in fact it was a war for the purpose of introducing British commodities to hitherto unexplored markets. "Our dead," they conclude, will indeed only regard that "corner of a foreign field" in which they sleep as "for ever England," if in its immediate vicinity there is established an agency of some British commercial undertaking.

Nor need the spread of this attitude surprise us. In war the sole criterion of Government is and must be, success. It is not enough to unsheath the sword for a high and worthy purpose: the hand that wields it must have the strength to achieve the purpose. It may happen therefore, and indeed has constantly happened, that for the grim business of destruction men of the highest and most delicate calibre are inadequate. War demands a robust and a less scrupulous imagination. But what is true of the conduct of war is utterly untrue of the conduct of peace.

In peace often it is the "Old Gangs" that, by brilliant failure, secure the future of the world. Socrates, when he drank hemlock, was the scorn of every vigorous Athenian of the new gang. The Christian martyrs at the Roman Games were not regarded by the Roman public as great successes. Ridley in the marketplace at Oxford had no political future, and Mr. Pitt a little later died lamenting his failure to save his country. Yet it would be a bold man who would assert that these members of the shining company of "Old Gangs" did less to ensure the future of the world than their robust conquerors and betrayers. In every age there has been an Old Gang and not unfrequently later ages have worshipped at their shrine.

And this is as it should be. It is given to one man to succeed and to another to see visions. The reward of the visionary is sight, and he has no claim upon the plaudits of the world. For him posterity waits; for the business man, on the contrary, a peerage. We need not, therefore, resent the honours, power and wealth that attend the latter. We must not, however, let ourselves be blinded to the fact that for statesmanship more than the talent for success is required. The statesman must have an appreciation of something wider than is seen by the common man, deeper than can be plumbed over a cigar by the hero of a deal in the Kaffir Market. It is because there is a genuine danger that this may be obscured by war appreciation of success due to efficiency, that it is necessary to

remind this country that there is something higher even than efficiency and business instinct. There is the level quality, bred of unrelenting self-discipline and harmony with the great causes moving the world, which alone gives its possessor the right and the duty to rule.

This theory sets up the saint, or at any rate the statesman, against the huckster. And before passing on let us make it quite clear that we have no quarrel with business men as such, nor do we underrate the part they played in the war. What we are combating is the claim on their behalf that they alone are qualified to rule. Our view, briefly, is that if they are qualified to rule, it is not least because of qualities in them which do not tend to business success.

Let us examine one side of the business Government claim, that which demands that office shall be the reward not of the party hack, but, if we may without indelicacy so describe him, of the business stallion. Forgetting that a Government is a harmony of qualities and personalities rather than a combination of banking accounts, the exponents of this creed claim that each Government Department should be in the hands of an expert on the subject with which it deals. The Treasury, in this view, should go to a banker, the Board of Trade to a merchant, the War Office to a soldier, the Admiralty to a sailor and the Local Government, presumably, to the Chairman of the London County Council. But when the matter is further explored certain difficulties present themselves. It is difficult to know, for instance, what precise experience qualifies a man for the Foreign Office. If diplomacy is the art of telling falsehoods in a gentlemanly fashion, it should presumably go to a house agent or a commercial traveller in a good way of business. It is more difficult to fill such an office as that of a Ministry of Reconstruction. It is possible, however, that the exponents of the business Government may hold that experience in the bankruptcy courts is here indispensable. The greatest difficulty will, however, be presented by the Irish Office and the office of Prime Minister. In the Irish Office, presumably, an Irishman should be appointed; the trouble will, however, be to discover what qualities in addition to being Irish are required. For the Home Office it is clear that a criminal of considerable reputation should be chosen. The country, unhappily, still maintains its prejudice against murder, and the capital remedy for this peccadillo will deprive us of the services of the most eminent in the under-world. It should, however, not be impossible, even though Mr. Jabez Balfour is no longer with us, to find some successor equally forceful and perhaps less unfortunate in his judges. The Prime Minister is the hardest problem of all. It would seem perhaps advisable to have him elected annually on the basis of income tax returns. This would secure the double end of a complete disclosure of assets by our princes of commerce, and of the merited coronation of the richest among us.

Finally, let it be said that without the power to pursue business successfully a modern community is helpless. But of all gods ever erected for worship none is more sinister than that of the Golden Calf. While Moses is still in the mountains, while the great issues of peace and the future of the world are being fought out in the high altitudes, do not let us be dancing round the Calf. For our clamour may reach the law givers and the Tablets of the law may be broken never to be refashioned.

SWEDISH NATIONALISM.

FRENCH writers are often endowed with imagination, humour and other graces, but their works of travel and politics are usually superficial and unconvincing. It is therefore with surprise as well as pleasure that we draw attention to the wise, luminous and exhaustive volume of M. Lucien Maury, "*Les Problèmes Scandinaves: Le Nationalisme Suédois et la Guerre, 1914-1918*" (Paris: Perrin, 1918. 5 frs.). He has evidently followed all the tortuous details of Swedish politics with incessant vigilance before and throughout the war,

read every newspaper, applied his vast stores of ordered information, and, apart from the fact that he mistrusts Huns, he affords a model of impartiality as an historian.

Sweden, before the war, seemed one of the quietest, happiest countries in the world, with no burthens of armaments, no menace of foreign complications, no desires but for the development of her science, industry and intellect. She attracted universal admiration as the sanctuary of peace and steady progress. But all the while she was reserving rude surprises for the world, and M. Maury's book describes the evolution, which nearly brought her from vague sympathies with Germany to active participation in the greatest crime of history, temporarily sacrificed her conscience and traditions, and led her to the very brink of disaster. And this evolution, or rather revolution, was brought about by the so-called Nationalist Party.

Like Spain and other derelict countries, Sweden lives mainly upon the glories of her past: her dead yet speak, often in an embarrassing way, to remind her that she has lost her place in the sun, that her old statesmen and warriors have given way to colourless officials. As a matter of fact, if we except Gustavus Vasa, the heroes of Sweden accomplished little more than brilliant, sporadic excursions or crusades with no permanent effect or practical lessons for the future. As her famous Professor, Kjellén, has pointed out, the epoch of Sweden's greatness endured but the span of a man's life. Being a Protestant nation, however, she has discarded the Saints and devoted herself to an unpractical hero-worship that has contributed largely to her undoing, for hero-worship does not suffice as the mainstay of nations, especially of small nations, but tends rather to substitute audacity for prudence, dreams for practical politics. The temperament was summed up by Björnson:—

*Du hjärte folk, du fantasien
Du längsels, du poesien.*

(Thou people of heat and fancy, longings and poetry.)

Such a soil was only too ready for the tares of a spurious Nationalist movement, a sort of still-born jingoism proclaimed in a ruined Pantheon. "Swedish Nationalism," says M. Maury, was so closely related to Pan-Germanism that it often appeared to be merely a continuation thereof; receiving its inspiration, direction and methods from Berlin, it belied its title and was merely the instrument of a foreign idea."

The ball of Nationalism was set rolling by the separation of Norway in 1905, which was attributed by extreme patriots to the perfidy of Russia and Britain, and lamented as the loss of the last remnant of the heritage of Charles XII and Gustavus Adolphus. The movement seems to have been inspired by France, but was certainly developed by German agents, who whispered of the Russian peril, of traditional rights to expansion in Finland, and of the revival of ancient glories in alliance with triumphant Germany. To quote M. Maury, "For centuries, like a sailor on the shores of an ocean, the Swede has stood upon the borders of Russia, dreading the immensity, the surprises, the storms, but unable to turn away his gaze or suppress his dreams; his love of adventure, his greed of gain, everything attracts him towards the rich plains and the big markets of Muscovy." The Swede is constantly reminded that Russia is not merely his natural prey but his hereditary enemy, and he forgets that, throughout history, it is the German who has been his most tenacious rival and most successful adversary.

Oddly enough, however, although the friends of Germany held all the ropes in Sweden, she proclaimed her neutrality at the outset of the war. This was a disappointment for Germany, who was said to have concluded a dynastic treaty and relied on an alliance and military co-operation. The neutrality was maintained with every possible bias in favour of Germany, but without satisfaction either to Sweden or Germany. The Allies were not so dependent on Swedish ore as Germany, and the Swedish Government did all that it could to satisfy her needs. A policy of mystery was adopted, no commercial statistics being published and a law passed to

forbid the publication of any information about exports or imports. Hammarskjöld, the Prime Minister, contended that, as Sweden was a neutral, she was entitled to act as though no war existed, and he displayed absolute unconcern towards any damage the Allies might suffer from his policy. They were, however, quite equal to the occasion and the result of their blockade was semi-famine and semi-revolutionary troubles; the bread-ration became inferior to that of Germany, while Norway and Denmark retained comparative abundance.

From the outset of the war the Swedish markets laid themselves out to supply Germany with provisions, raw materials and manufactured goods. Germany bought and Sweden sold in the common certitude of a prompt and decisive victory. So great was this certitude that none hesitated to empty warehouses, exhaust stocks and secure immediate profits on a large scale. When the war was prolonged, precautions became necessary, but they were taken slowly and reluctantly, always at the last possible moment. Imports from Britain and America were simply passed on to Germany, so that when the Allies grew tired of this and began to ration Sweden she found herself destitute. For instance, though she had imported large supplies of wool and cotton, she was left without any for her own use in 1917, and last year a reel of thread was difficult to obtain for five or ten shillings; in 1915 she exported 2,000 tons of butter and 1,000 tons of coffee to Germany, with the result that not a single cup of coffee was to be bought in 1917, the Swedes being reduced to substitutes of acorns and oats and toast. Meanwhile huge fortunes were made by speculation and profiteering, but the new millionaires found little or nothing to buy with their money.

The malevolence of Swedish neutrality avoided an open breach only through the wonderful moderation of the Governments of London, Paris and Petrograd; there was, indeed, something very near akin to a commercial war, and Swedish provocations were incessant. The Press was the servant of Germany and took several months to admit the victory of the Marne; as M. Maury says, "during the war it abandoned all dignity, all conscience, all sense of responsibility." The Queen, described by the Kaiser as "the only man in Sweden," was a German and frequently visited her fatherland; all her efforts were devoted to the support of our enemy. King Gustavus V. wrote a letter to the King of Italy urging him not to intervene in the war. German espionage was facilitated; German bombs were stored in Sweden and permitted free transport through the country; the Swedish coast was a long line of submarine bases; every sort of German contraband was encouraged at the Finnish frontier by Swedish officials. In 1917 came the great scandal of the cipher telegrams exchanged by the Swedish Foreign Office and the Swedish Legation at Buenos Aires for the conduct of submarine warfare and Luxburg's recommendation to sink Argentine ships and leave no trace. Meanwhile, Germany was not satisfied; she continued to issue protests and to sink ships of the Swedish mercantile marine. Yet Germany derived many substantial benefits from Swedish neutrality: Swedish Legations transacted German business throughout the world; Sweden afforded an outlet for Germany, who would otherwise have been completely blockaded; meanwhile, she closed the Baltic, cut off Russia from the West, and assured the safety of German transports; finally, Sweden revictualled Germany to the detriment of her own people with a generosity akin to sacrifice.

All this was done by a Court and a Party, who obtained power by force and fraud, in open defiance of the Constitution and the will of the people. There was grave discontent and some inclination towards Bolshevism. At last, in September, 1917, the Nationalist, or pro-German Government was overthrown. But he will be a bold man who prophesies a happy or a prosperous future for Sweden. In spite of much ill-gotten wealth, the country will be faced by difficult problems of reconstruction and cannot claim special indulgence

from the outraged victors. Indeed, Swedish commerce deserves to be boycotted and black-listed scarcely less than that of Germany. Moreover, the politicians inspire little confidence, those who opposed the Nationalists having dangerous inclinations towards anarchy and Socialism. Even Branting, who has professed devotion to the Entente, can scarcely be regarded as a constructive statesman. Perhaps the chief hope is to be found in a Scandinavian federation, wherein Sweden would be reduced to play a minor part.

WORMS AND SCREWS OF THE THEATRICAL MACHINE.

WE are glad to note that the rank and file of actors and actresses are at last turning against the abominable conditions of their employment. Nothing but good can come of the new trade union of players (the worms) which has taken the field against the agents and syndicates who control the entertainment market (the screws). Trade unions are a bad remedy for a foul disease. So far as the body politic at large is concerned, they are at this time a remedy which is likely to kill the patient, whose symptoms have altogether changed since the original prescription was required. But in the case of the theatre, the trade union is as necessary to-day as it was generally necessary in all industries fifty years ago, when young children worked in the mines and factories and industrious workmen got nothing out of their industry but a reduction in their rate of pay. The general conditions of employment in the theatre are a survival of the darkest ages of industrial Whiggery. The economic organisation of the theatre is based, to start with, on the assumption that actors and actresses are normally unemployed. Like the ancient labourers, they stand in the market-place to be hired. As soon as they are hired (the happy few who succeed in pleasing the manager or impresario) work is found for them without delay; but do not imagine that they are paid for it. For weeks they must attend the convenience of their employers at all hours of the day without receiving a shilling. For actors and actresses are not paid for rehearsals. Rehearsals may last for weeks and the work is often of such a nature that the lot of a scavenger is preferable. A scavenger may at least recover his self-respect with the help of a little soap-and-water and a change of clothes. When rehearsals are at an end those actors and actresses who still happen to remain in the cast begin to draw their wages. We will not look too closely into the sordid details of the wages bill of an ordinary West End theatre, but merely record that the new trade union is asking for a minimum wage of £3 or £4 a week, and asking that work not provided for in the contract or by the custom of the trade shall also be remunerated. No considerations of decency appear to have any weight with even the wealthiest and most successful theatrical employers. One of the most respected and powerful of them all is at present paying the women attendants at his theatre eighteen shillings a week for a nine-hours day.

It will possibly be urged that it is not our business, writing as a critic of the theatre, to deal with questions of work and wages. Such questions, however, have a direct bearing upon the art of the theatre. A profession which offers no reasonable inducements or opportunities to those adopting it can hardly expect to attract into its ranks men and women of sense or character. The reputable actress knows that (apart from the influence of friends or the stroke of luck which comes to one in a thousand) she will be unemployed six months in twelve; that she will have to work for considerable periods without pay and on the chance of ultimately receiving a grossly inadequate wage; that she will be subject to the caprice of employers accustomed to "lord it o'er their kind with most prevailing tinsel"; that the general conditions of her service will combine the maximum of discomfort with the minimum of reward; and that at any moment of her career her chances of recognition and success may be ruined by the nepotism of her theatrical bosses, or by personal preferences of an even less creditable character. Surely

this has something to do with the present level of dramatic accomplishment in the acting profession. No sensible person of spirit is likely to accept these conditions. The theatre must accordingly be recruited from among the imprudent, the ignorant, the incompetent, or the merely desperate.

At every turn we find that economic conditions in the theatre are precisely the reverse of the conditions we should desire for the encouragement of young talent upon its merits. Security of tenure, a living wage, opportunities for acquiring a varied training and experience, a careful and quite impartial assessment and encouragement of individual aptitudes and performances—these things are a vision of unpopular cranks and reformers. The present system of employment either fails to discover merit at all, or, having discovered it, proceeds to corrupt and destroy it in the service of theatrical commerce. The theatrical profession, reasonably organised, would provide for theatres both in London and the provinces, staffed by permanent, salaried companies. Theatrical labour is casual labour, and the only way in which an actor or actress can be certain of a job is by specialising in some conventional rôle and becoming associated in the mind of this or that agent or manager with the playing of an old man, or a funny butler, or Mrs. Grundy, or Sweet Seventeen. A new company is formed and dissolved for every new play that passes. In some cases the company survives as a going concern for three weeks, so that most of its members are out of a job before they have earned enough money to pay the debts which they have contracted during their last spell of unemployment. In other cases the company survives for several years in London and suffers a new spell of longevity in the country (shorn of its leading members). So far as theatrical art is concerned, the latter case is worse than the former. Livelihood is assured, but it is a livelihood attained by repeating the same part a thousand times or so, and in most cases it involves the professional ruin of the participants.

How far the new trade union will be able to remedy this state of affairs is uncertain; but a great deal could be done if only the more serious and reputable players would combine to oppose spoliation of their talents either by popular favourites who regard the whole profession as their humble servants, or by the big agencies who look over the candidates for admission to the footlights much as the farmer in a county town looks over a likely heifer or a pedigree bull. The new union appears to be concentrating on a minimum wage. We suggest that it would be even better if they were to insist upon security of tenure. It is scandalous that a poor player should be compelled to speculate with his livelihood on the success or failure of a play. Players should be engaged at a reasonable wage and for a fixed minimum period. The speculative system which consists in presenting five plays to the public on the chance of one of them succeeding is bad for the theatre. It is even worse for the rank and file of the profession, who are perforce a party to the gamble. No one can restrain the theatrical speculator risking his money; but it is surely time that the actors and actresses did something to prevent him from risking their bread and margarine in an enterprise from the success of which they personally have nothing to gain but the bare means to exist. If only the players combine and adopt a strong policy, the rank and file of the profession have the means to make their wishes effective. By insisting on a six-months contract for every engagement, they might very appreciably reform the present speculative character of our theatrical finance. The manager about to present some worthless play on the chance that it may possibly hit the million would think twice before engaging himself to pay his employees a reasonable wage for six months. He might even prefer to have a permanent company sufficiently talented and versatile to present more than one play at a time.

We are not, however, sanguine. Authors, actors, and such like are not the stuff of which successful trade unions are made. The barristers have the best trade union that ever was formed. The doctors, with their fixed, traditional fees, are not far behind. But, so far,

members of the literary and dramatic professions have allowed themselves to be regarded as the temporary civil servants (very temporary and very civil) of this world. Is it possible that at last the worms are turning? There is something doing, we believe, at the Institute of Journalists and at the Dramatic Authors' Club. And there is a trade union among the players. We wish them all a happy and prosperous New Year.

MR. JOHN'S "DERBY DAY."

PROFESSING his faith that the war would eventually produce a powerful wave of Art, a writer in the SATURDAY REVIEW, in August, 1914, took leave to doubt if the powerful phenomenon would appear for yet a generation. We may cautiously reserve our adhesion to this view, so far as the next generation's prowess is concerned. But for the rest, and if the exhibition at Burlington House is a fair criterion, we can safely say that this famous wave is not yet gathering volume. The splendid patronage of the Canadians in giving wholesale commissions to all sorts of artists cannot be praised excessively; if ever art was given a chance it was during the war. Not only have governments competed to try every avenue of art; not only have the most diverse artists sprung up into admirals and majors, if not actually Field Marshals, but also there are grounds for suspecting that the war itself was wonderfully full of subjects that no artist had the right to expect. But—if we may fairly judge from the Canadian War Memorials—the Great War, regarded as artistic inspiration, was virtually a "dud."

A rather naive preface to the shoddily "got up" Catalogue informs us that (a) historical accuracy has been secured in these paintings; that (b) these paintings are "decorative panels," thought out in connection with an architectural scheme, and that (c) they are meant to give a fair picture of the artistic conditions which prevailed at the most momentous epoch of the world's history. To (a) we might reply that even had historical accuracy been secured it would have been of quite minor importance compared with the spiritual or emotional truth which alone would have justified the enterprise. To (b) in the school boy phrase, we must say "steady on." Only in exceptional cases are these paintings "decorative panels thought out in connection with an architectural scheme." We will wager that eight out of every ten came from painters who either had no idea what decorative wall painting is, or who never gave the thing a thought. What (c) means is a little hard to guess. Posterity, equally with ourselves, would gladly go ignorant of the artistic conditions of this momentous epoch if they were but clear as to the human and psychological manner of those men who by their heroism and endurance wrought it. But it is just this assurance that the exhibition fails to give.

The ingredients of great art are deep emotion and design; in that order. Only the rarest men are intuitive enough to vibrate with the true emotion of an experience they have not physically shared. The ersatz emotion, derived at second hand, that makes life theatrical, will not bear examination. The heroics that Mr. Jack's battle pictures shake with do not pass with men who know what battles are. To such "The Second Battle of Ypres" is story-book war, old-fashioned; historically it is wrong, be the costume, geography and disposition of detail never so correct. Another kind of substitute emotion appears in Mr. Robert's "Gas Attack." Naturally we should not expect Mr. Roberts to have received impressions of this gas attack at first hand: he must have relied on hearsay. To his way of thinking the ordinary human expressions of emotion are not good enough; something more significant than life, something truer than simple truth can be expressed by symbols, substitutes, and laboratory synthesis. The action of men serving guns, the throes of men overtaken by sudden and atrocious suffering, can be expressed far more significantly by a studio convention, than by an attempt to render life itself. For us the question is not how logical nor how justifiable this theory be, but how does it succeed in Mr. Roberts's picture, pictorially and emotionally. Whatever this theory may have

promised him, his actual result is wretched as design. The colour is naively meant to be nauseous, to suggest, no doubt, the sickening horror of gas. This rather childish "stunt" naturally damns the picture as a picture, and in its reliance on association is quite inconsistent with the tenets of official ultra-montane art. Emotionally, but for this cheap nausea, the picture fails: its recipe is quite unimpressive; far from enhancing our conception of a gas attack it conveys even less of reality than a newspaper description. Were we able to compare with it a photograph of the incident we should yet more conclusively see that it is melodrama, performed by an amateur.

The great emotion, phrased in commensurate design, which we demand, is to be found neither in old nor new fashioned academies. Do we get it in the vast cartoon of our celebrated Mr. John? For months rumours of this masterpiece have been whispered; we were in for something great, it seemed, something to confute doubters who suspected that Mr. John's bolt was fired, and that he was not, after all, a first-water master. The war, we heard, had given him his chance and he had risen to it. But has he? His crowded cartoon should not be judged finally, because in its completed state the influence of colour may do something to give bite and emphasis, even emotion, to what at present is mechanical and facile. The arrangement and design of this cartoon never made Mr. John sweat; they lay well inside his grasp. But as far as we can judge the spiritual and emotional life of the cartoon, they are no truer nor deeper than Mr. Jack's or Mr. Roberts's. Here is no emotional uplift; the mood, instead, is that of Frith's 'Derby Day.' Barely one out of a dozen of the figures lives; they are mere shapes and links in a hackneyed composition. Mr. John, for all the good he got out of Flanders might have stopped in Galloway or Kerry, whence come his crew of beggars, gypsies, tinkers, now put on the Flemish stage as Belgian refugees. Frith was concerned in crowding a canvas with Epsom types; here one group of characters, there another, adequately woven into a dull design. The great emotion of the Derby (if there be one) must lie somewhere outside his picture, or invisibly beyond his grouped anecdotes. In what does Mr. John's 'Canadians at Lens' fundamentally differ from 'The Derby Day'? If we are honest, we must say, in virtually nothing. His skill and fitful industry have strung across his ground a swarm of trivialities, incoherent in significance, perfunctorily articulated. None of them is as sincerely studied as are Frith's; the design of the whole is about as featureless as his. The war (if there was one) must have been "off, right, or centre"; the stage is filled with dished-up ideas, old models and a promenade of loafers. In short, Mr. John's famous battle scene is much about the same as most famous pictures of the kind, in Versailles, or our Diploma Gallery. Not unreasonably we might have expected that the great masterpiece of these Memorials would give enduring monumental shape to the composite achievements of the Canadians in this war; should sum up and make eloquent their immortal valour and sacrifice. But no: their great part in the war, apparently, was to lounge about back areas with a troupe of strolling players, while in the sky an airship, and somewhere a gun, serve like pantomime "properties" to indicate the nature of the scene.

Of all the artists represented, Mr. Sims has made the highest effort to produce something above his everyday or peace-time pitch. Moreover, his 'Sacrifice' is conceived in terms of architectural decoration, as is Mr. Moira's hospital scene. But Mr. Sims's mixed scales are not a success, and there is a suggestion of enlarged book illustration where monumental treatment would have been appropriate. Nor can the great mass of the Cross and Christ be reckoned adequately in silhouette. Perhaps the most interesting things in the exhibition are Captain Varley's 'For What?' and No. 131, Lieut. A. Y. Jackson's pictures and two aeroplane designs by Lieut. Turnbull. Nor may one overlook Mr. Brangwyn's 'Church of St. Martin' in which his ordinary picturesque matter is keyed up to genuine tragedy.

CORRESPONDENCE

DEMobilISATION.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your leading article entitled 'The C.O. and the Cabinet' is based on a quite mistaken view of the facts. Commanding Officers have no power to retain men available for demobilisation. They may appeal for them to the G.O.C., who in a few, very few, cases gives permission for the temporary retention of certain men. In the unit of which I have special knowledge, such application has been made only twice, in neither case successfully.

I am, Sir, etc.,
OFFICER.

[Whether the C.O. has or has not the legal power, he certainly does retain men and officers whose demobilisation has been applied for.—ED. S.R.]

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is usual when engaging individuals (for temporary service particularly) to make it quite clear to them the conditions under which they are engaged and under which they will be discharged.

This ought to have been done when officers and men were recruited for this war, and this information in printed form should have been supplied to each, and clear verbal explanation given at the same time.

Judging by what one reads in the newspapers, nothing of the kind seems to have been done.

The question of demobilisation is a thorny one, but there are certain broad lines from which the problems might be considered, apart from military exigence:—

- (1) Those who joined first to be discharged first.
- (2) Details would have to be carefully considered: "national interests" involved in discharging certain classes belonging to particular trades or industries first, age of individuals, etc.; and after all had been as far as possible dealt with, there would probably crop up special cases, which would have to be decided on their merits.

However, that is not our way. "The pantomime rehearsal" style is more to our liking, i.e., don't worry, be a sportsman, take chances, and gamble. D—n the expense, it will be all right when the day comes.

Prévoir c'est gouverner is not in favour, as it ought to be.

The result being that measures have to be extemporised in a hurry, muddled up at the last minute—bringing waste of every kind, and often inefficiency in their train.

There is little, if any, valid excuse for not making timely preparation, as our information of what we have to expect is, in most cases, at hand; and preparation for meeting eventualities should be made in time beforehand as far as practicable.

Profiteers and other rogues are having the time of their lives, and must be quite sorry the war is coming to an end; however, they will hang on to their jobs as long as they can, and the unfortunate taxpayer suffers in proportion.

Yours faithfully,
W. H. B. GRAHAM.

THE BLUNDER OF THE DARDANELLES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Referring to the interesting matter which appeared under the above heading in your issue of the 4th inst., I would point out that General Liman von Sanders is reported to have said that if he had been attacking he would have made the principal landing on the coast of Asia Minor, off Tenedos, and, at the same time, he would have landed on the neck of the Gallipoli peninsula close to the Bulair lines. Now I have often wondered why we did not make an attempt at Bulair, and should like to know the reason.

"GUERNSEY."

"THE TRAGEDY OF QUEBEC."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have just read Mr. Stutfield's letter in your last issue on "The Tragedy of Quebec," and I afterwards looked up your original leader on the same subject and Mr. Stutfield's article in *The National Review* on 'Romanism and the State.'

It so happens that the articles were peculiarly interesting to me, as I had just returned from a Sunday afternoon walk in Hyde Park, where I listened for a few minutes to one of the "orators" at the Marble Arch, who was trying to convert his hearers to the Roman Catholic Church. I listened and watched with much interest and it was plain to me that the speaker had at least half-a-dozen supporters in the crowd, whose duties were similar to those I have seen performed on race-courses by confederates of card-sharpers. At each interruption, which were many, as the crowd was for the most part hostile, I am glad to say, these supporters would do their best to drown any dissentient voices, and, if the speaker was getting the worst of an argument, would interrupt with questions of their own, so changing to a different point. One of them even went so far as to get a policeman to come into the crowd on the pretext that the speaker was not being given fair play.

Now, I studied all these men very carefully, and they did not appear to me to be at all the class of men who would spend their Sunday afternoons in this manner for any lofty-minded reasons. On the contrary, they gave me the impression that they were paid for their services and that they did not themselves care in the least for any religion in particular. This all made me very curious as to their motive, and it was not until I got home and chanced to read the articles I have mentioned that I seemed to see an explanation of these men's activities.

It seems to me that there must be some organization at work, with funds at its back, preaching the Roman Catholic religion in order to get Englishmen under its sway for the evil motives so well described in Mr. Stutfield's article in *The National Review*. I do not myself believe that the kind of method I have drawn attention to is likely to meet with much success; it certainly did not at the Marble Arch yesterday. At the same time it appears to be fraught with dangerous possibilities to this country, especially if combined with other propaganda, which is no doubt being done.

I think, sir, that you will be performing a patriotic duty by exposing this sort of mischief, for it is obviously not a case in which the police have power to intervene. I would, however, draw attention to the fact that the majority of the people amongst whom these "orators" find a hearing, are not those who read such high-class periodicals as *THE SATURDAY REVIEW* and *The National Review*, and I therefore hope that the popular Press will also do something to counteract the work of such men. The mind of the average Englishman is easily diverted by a man who "has the gift of the gab," but is as easily put straight again if the fallacies and mischief are exposed before they have time to take deep root.

I am, Sir, etc.,
J. B.

GREAT BRITAIN AND HOLLAND.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your issue of the 7th December, page 1125, I find, in a general review of the attitude of the neutral powers of Europe, and of their demeanour during the war, that Holland is considered to be in the same position as Spain, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Switzerland.

A glance at the map of Europe shows that Holland's geographical position placed her between the two most powerful belligerents, and another glance, at the map of the world, will make it clear that Holland has enormous interests in the Far East, with which she is only able to communicate by sea. The other neutrals have no colonial possessions.

If Holland had joined in the war against Germany, there is not the slightest doubt that her eastern and southern provinces, which cannot be defended, would have been devastated, whilst possibly, only the provinces of Holland proper and Zealand might have remained in our hands, but they would certainly have been hopelessly damaged by aircraft and by bombs from the large guns. But even if, as some people believe, the western part of the country were defensible, the question is, what good could Holland have done? It is quite evident, that from the islands to the north of the Zuyder Zee the Germans could have attacked England by submarines and they could have made a naval base of every island.

Certainly, if we had followed our inclination, we would, in the autumn of 1914, gladly have joined the Allies. At that time the disgraceful conduct of the Germans in Belgium had caused the deepest indignation in Holland, and it was well known that if Germany could have succeeded in holding Belgium, the Netherlands would have been absorbed by the German Empire. If, at that moment, there had been a favourable combination of circumstances, for instance a Dutch Venizelos, and if there had been great encouragement from England, and a distinct prospect of quick and efficient aid from that side, the nation would decidedly have tried to come to Belgium's rescue, as passions ran high, and it is a well known fact that the Dutch regiments on the Belgian frontier had to be changed continually as they might have got out of hand, and thus precipitated events for which the Government were not prepared. The British press, with very few exceptions, did not encourage Holland to join the Allies.

This brings me to the question of the Scheldt. In the autumn of 1914, if Holland had not carried out her international obligations regarding this river, there would have been a race between England and Germany as to who would occupy the Scheldt first. Antwerp in the hands of the Germans, and the Scheldt not in Dutch hands, would have meant an inland submarine base for Germany, which would have made the transport of British troops to France immensely more difficult than it actually was, and this would have changed the entire course of the war.

Of course, right throughout the war, German influence on our press has been most active, and many dailies have given the impression that they were pro-German. Two of our octogenarian journalist-statesmen showed regrettable signs of a leaning towards Germany, but we must forgive old age its weaknesses. Moreover, these two old gentlemen were out of power. All that they, and those that followed them, have achieved, is that they led many foolish persons to buy German securities, which the holders now bitterly regret.

And yet, notwithstanding the enormous influence which a long land-frontier and a highly developed trade afforded Germany here, that influence was stronger in Sweden and in far away Spain than here, as your readers will have gathered from recent Madrid reports. As to Denmark, that country had itself suffered from German aggression in 1864, and no sympathy whatever could be expected from her, yet her position was far less precarious than ours. We have always admired the attitude of Norway and the courage of her sailors, like that of the Dutch sailors, of whom over six hundred were murdered by the Huns at sea.

With regard to the commandeering of Dutch vessels to which an allusion is made in your article, by the United States and England, I am afraid that your remarks are not quite to the point. The fact is that our Government had actually agreed to these ships being taken over by the Allies, on condition that they would not be employed to carry troops or munitions of war, or in the danger zone. These conditions seemed quite acceptable, because America might have used the vessels for ordinary carrying purposes, and this would have made the application of the ancient and much disputed right of "Angary" superfluous, whilst the Dutch tonnage would have set free an equal allied tonnage. I admit I could never understand why

our terms were not accepted, as this would have saved our faces, although our Government risked nothing less than a declaration of war by Germany, in proposing these conditions. In March, 1918, Germany was still at the height of her power—this should not be overlooked—and the Dutch proposal showed the strongest possible desire to meet the Allies.

I noticed in your article a remark regarding a "serious cleavage between Queen Wilhelmina's court and the masses of the Dutch people." To this I must really demur, for it is perfectly well known that the Queen has not the least liking for Germany or for Prussian methods. In the first year of the war Her Majesty showed a decided leaning towards France in receiving two French savants, Mm. Rocheblave and Soulier, in a private audience and showing them the prayer book which was once used by her ancestor, the Admiral de Coligny. This interview was expressly mentioned in the daily papers at the time. It was an act of courage, under the very eyes of our ferocious neighbours, who could not possibly misconstrue the significance of it.

Of course, the Germans, who have by no means abandoned their old methods, will do their utmost to create as much ill-feeling as possible between other countries, and they will continue to use all sorts of subterranean channels for the purpose, but this should not mislead anybody now.

If, as I believe to be the case, a strong and prosperous state on the opposite side of the North Sea is still of paramount interest to Great Britain, it will be wise policy on her part to put no difficulties in the way of our economic development, for only a free display of Holland's economic and commercial force can guarantee her existence as an independent continental country on the North Sea shore, which is indispensable to the peace of Europe and to the security of England.

Yours faithfully,

H. DUNLOP.

The Hague, December 20th, 1918.

[The above are extracts from our correspondent's letter, which was far too long for insertion in full.—Ed. S.R.]

LET AMERICA HAVE THE GERMAN FLEET.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I desire to propose that the German fleet should be presented to the United States of America, as a convincing proof of England's gratitude, trust and friendship.

I believe that Italy would gladly agree to this; and I am quite sure that France and Belgium would consent to the gift with enthusiasm.

Your obedient servant,

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Chicago, December 10th, 1918.

[Has the war deprived Americans of their sense of humour?—Ed. S.R.]

OWLS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I was pleased to see the appreciative article on 'Owls' in your issue of January 11th, with its skilful combination of romance and the classics, art and natural history.

It is likely that no one can keep the owl in captivity; but I knew one which came to be fed, nestled in the hand, and returned to its woodland recesses daily. The owls in my old country used to hoot pleasantly on a note I discovered to be a low A flat; but I have also heard that snoring which sounds like escaping gas, or some supernatural visitation, as the reader pleases.

A classic story of the owl's cry taken as human exists in English: see Hardy's 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' chapter 8. Master Poorgrass, a timid man who had "had a drap," lost his way in Yalbury Wood and cried out "Man a-lost!" twice:—

"A owl in a tree happened to be crying 'Whoo—whoo—whoo!' as owls do, . . . and Joseph, all

in a tremble, said, 'Joseph Poorgrass of Weatherbury, sir!'

That was Mr. Coggan's account of the incident, but Joseph denied the "sir." "No, no; what's right is right, and I never said sir to the bird, knowing very well that no man of a gentleman's rank would be hollering there at that time o' night."

The writer seems to think that the form of the owl is little used to-day for decorative purposes. It may be too homely a prettiness for our present artists, who prefer apparently outlandish and barbaric objects for ornament. But I lived for many years with old silver worked into owl shape, and I recall an owl jug which was owned by the editor of one of the few learned papers in England. Miss Marie Corelli, I believe, associated his journal (which dealt with her faithfully) with an owl, and he, knowing ancient Athens, received the sneer with a smile. Coleridge, who was fond of "The ivy-haunting bird, that cries, 'Tu—whoo!'" has placed it unforgettably at the beginning of his 'Christabel':—

" 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu—whit!—Tu—whoo!
And, hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew."

Here is the magic of a poet wonderful at his best. Tennyson, in his two Songs of the Owl is not so successful. In the first,

" Alone and warming his five wits
The white owl in the belfry sits,"

are the best two lines. In the second he plays on the bird's chaunt overmuch:

" Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit "

seems to me more ingenious than poetical. And the poet must have been a pretty poor mimic, if he could not get his owls to answer him!

Yours truly,
W. H. J.

CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Could not the authorities of St. Paul's be induced to discard some of the Victorian traditions that dominate the musical rendering of their services?

"Time makes ancient good uncouth." And, in the evensong that I attended one day, at the end of last year, there was much to remind one of the now somewhat faded period when experiments, doubtless useful in their day, were made over the revival of Church song. The Canticles belonged to the period mentioned, and opinions might legitimately differ as to their beauty and suitability. But there was nothing to be said for the obtrusion of the organ throughout the Responses. Stainer may have imagined that this way of accompanying Tallis's harmonies might appropriately mark what would be called a "High Service," during festivals. But the veriest tyro is now aware that it is hopelessly wrong to sing 16th century part-writing of this kind to any instrumental accompaniment. Then, there were tiresome up and down Amens, all led by the never-resting organ.

That these criticisms are not fanciful, or based upon mere ideas of archæological propriety, was proved conclusively by what occurred at the end of the service. A fine specimen of unaccompanied polyphonic writing was sung after the conclusion of the office—Pearsall's *In dulci jubilo*. The effect of this was startling, after what had gone before. By contrast with the sonorous organ, the choir had sounded small. The boys' voices penetrated through the instrumental tones, but constantly the vocal harmonies were almost indistinguishable. So too were the words. In the loud parts of the carol the voices appeared to be almost multitudinous in their ensemble, and the words could easily be recognised. The acoustics of the cathedral are splendid for this kind of music, and the tone of the choir is delightful. One felt what an immense gain there would be were unaccompanied singing frequently employed,

instead of being relegated to Lent. But, indeed, the greater part of the service wants remodelling, in the light of present-day appreciation of what is noblest and most fitting in Church song.

I am, yours faithfully,
LISTENER.

ROSS-SHIRE'S DEAD.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In August, 1914, I bought a suit of Lewis homespun cloth, which I have worn ever since in honour of the brave lads who sailed from Stornoway to join the naval and military forces of the Crown as soon as war was declared. If the men of the other parts of the United Kingdom had followed their example the war would have been over in six months. I have, however, read with the greatest sorrow of the deaths, by drowning, on New Year's morning of two hundred of our gallant Lewis and Harris seamen who were returning home in the *Iolaire*. They were wrecked on the rocks close to my grandfather's old house, who for many years was the tenant of the farm of Holm when he commanded the *Prince Ernest Augustus*, revenue cutter. *Nihil amanti durum* (nothing too hard for love), is the motto of the Reid family, of which I am now the head. For years it has been my great ambition to act up to my motto and establish a school for the education and maintenance of Highland children—boys and girls of Ross-shire's dead heroes. The thing can be done if the indigo industry is properly developed so as to supply dried vegetables and concentrated feeding-stuffs from India to supplement the fish meal of our crofter fishermen in the feeding of sheep, poultry and pigs, and in the promotion of winter dairying in the Highlands of Scotland. Now is the opportunity for drawing attention to the wants of the poor in the Highlands and in India. You cannot separate the Celt from the Indian, since no two languages resemble each other so much as Gaelic and Hindustani. The pity of it is that we have not any one at the India Office who realises this fact.

In the *Humanitarian* magazine of December, 1894, I told the story of how the 78th Ross-shire Buffs were wrecked off an island when returning from Java to Calcutta in 1816. Again, at a meeting of the East India Association in 1905, I mentioned the fact that in 1844-45, the 78th Highlanders lost three officers, five hundred and thirty-two men, sixty-eight women, and one hundred and thirty-four children—total three hundred and seventy-three deaths—from disease on the banks of the Indus, in Sind. Lastly, no greater encomium was ever bestowed on a British regiment than that which General Havelock spoke of the Ross-shire Buffs: "I am now upwards of sixty years old; I have been forty years in the service; I have been engaged in action seven and twenty times, but in the whole of my career I have never seen any regiment behave so well as the 78th Highlanders." No wonder that they earned for themselves the proud title of "The Saviours of India" in 1857. And the following two verses from Mrs. Hemans's poem, "England's Dead," may well be applied to Ross-shire's dead:—

" Son of the Ocean Isle!

Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is rear'd o'er Glory's bed.

The warlike of the Isles,
The men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave?"

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
DONALD NORMAN REID.

15, St. Mary's Square, Paddington, W. 2.
11 January, 1919.

CHURCH FINANCE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The Archdeacon of Warwick in your issue of December 21 writes with sufficient authority of his own to command a hearing, and he is probably unmistakable in his prophecy of the failure of the Five Million Pounds

Scheme. The rate of assured interest is not guaranteed either by the Church or the State, and spiritual investment on a large scale is foreign to the general temper of the average Churchman. The clerical Callisthenes will fail in his speculative quest.

Yet the enterprise is interesting, in so far as it betrays a new development in the psychological condition of those in high places. Two years ago, Hope and Repentance, two abstract conceptions of a spiritual sort, were vaguely interpreted by bishops, dons, and others up and down the country. A little later Life and Liberty, both of them still unknown, were crystallised by some chemically-minded ecclesiastics and offered for the consumption of the man in the street. The crystals are likely to return to their original vapour. Now, in the third period, even in the rustic haunts of very local newspapers the sturdy yokel has doubtless started and stared to find his weekly journal asking him for five million pounds, and offering him not so much as a substantial pink pill in return, but the distant hope of a much-multiplied organization which confounds the already considerable complexity that "The Church" begets in his mind. So the great conceptions of laborious minds pass by the unmoved multitudes, and to-morrow will bring us some new wonder from the depths of a plaintive ecclesiasticism.

These remedies fail to heal the supposed complaint, the decline in religion and in religious observance—for that is what it is all about—because they are based upon a diagnosis which is radically at fault. Decline in religious observance is a symptom of a disease, not a disease of itself. The National Mission of Repentance and Hope was the nearest guess at what is wrong, but being an attempt to "do something" just because it was felt that "something must be done," it became hurried and vague in its activities, and for the most part inefficient in its appeal. The reason why religious faith has declined in its hold on the country, though it was never so secure a hold as was imagined, being largely conventional, is because people want neither the Christian religion nor the principles which it commands shall be accepted. The National Mission should have said so, and then both Repentance and Hope would have been redeemed from the character of plastic platitudes which hung about them. The question is at root neither theological or constitutional, but moral; and that is why the Life and Liberty movement, with its suspected modernism and its Enabling Bill, is likely to attract comparatively little attention. Nor will the Advertisement Mission succeed. The English public is of an honest conscience for the most part, and it knows well enough that subscriptions to a Central Fund are not religion, and it is unlikely to be hoodwinked into accepting a creed of salvation by finance. Compromise deceives no one, least of all those who are parties to it, and if the general sense of the country is against the acceptance of the Christian faith, not as the basis for a spiritual intellectualism, but as the basis of morals and conduct necessary to life, let the fact be recognised and faced. It is better for the Church and country alike. The position will be plain and definite, and we shall not want to resort to advertisements to cover our respective nakedness.

The effort to popularise Christianity is plainly un-Christian and contrary to proper Christian precedent. If the ten commandments, the doctrine of the Incarnation and the Atonement are hopelessly out-of-date for some people, we are not likely to advertise them back into their faith or their morals. They must go their way. Christianity is primarily a life and not an opinion, nor yet an organization.

So Archdeacon Peile is very probably right. The average Englishman, by his refusal to support the Five Millions Fund, will blunder on the truth once again, and will say in his customary and negative fashion, "This is not religion," though he is scarcely patient when one tries to adopt the positive attitude and tell him what religion is, and what is religion so far as it affects himself, his morals and his conduct.

Yours, &c.,

H. L. HAYNES,

St. James' Norlands Vicarage, W.

REVIEWS

AN EPOCH-MARKING WORK.

Folk-lore in the Old Testament: Studies in Comparative Religion, Legend, and Law. By Sir J. G. Frazer. 3 vols. Macmillan. 37s. 6d. net.

THE Victorian Age, whatever its demerits may be, has left its mark deeply on the modes of human thought. No one can enter on the study of the physical problems of life except through the portals of the group of theories which are connected with the name and work of Darwin, and, equally, no one can make any study of the history of religion without acknowledging his debt to the illuminating leadership of Sir James Frazer. 'The Golden Bough' has revolutionised the study of Comparative Religion, and has placed in the hands of students of its history a weapon of which they are only now beginning to learn the full power.

The work before us is epoch-marking, if not epoch-making like its great predecessor. That it has aroused but a few isolated protests shows that the battle between historical science and superstitious obscurantism has been decided, and that it only remains to make plain the results of the campaign; though we should imagine more than a few of his non-professional readers will be surprised to see the author referring familiarly to differing sets of Ten Commandments, or two discordant accounts of the creation of man. The aim the author has proposed to himself in these volumes is illustration and explanation. In every religion, in every culture, practices and prohibitions derived from ancient rules of life are embedded, though their significance is lost to those who practise them. Those who refuse to pass under a ladder to-day are avoiding an evil—they know not what—by an observance for which they have invented an explanation: the Hebrews of Old Testament times who found as one of the older Ten Commandments "Thou shalt not see the kid in its mother's milk," were equally ignorant of the meaning and the reason for the prohibition, and equally careful to observe it. In these volumes Sir James Frazer has selected some two-score incidents of the Old Testament, and has undertaken to illustrate them by similar practices among people still barbarous, and to explain their significance in this way. Let us take an example of his method.

We read, in Jeremiah and elsewhere, of the "Keepers of the Threshold" in the temple at Jerusalem, and in Zephaniah of the sin of leaping on (or over) the threshold. First, a modern Syrian rule against treading on the threshold of a mosque is quoted. The courts of Kublai Khan and Mangu-Khan enforced the same rule, with, sometimes, a death penalty. We next visit Baghdad and Ispahan, and there find the threshold is revered. In Fiji the temple threshold is tabu; it is respected in Africa, in India and among the Kalmuks. We then turn to the custom of lifting a bride over the threshold, a custom found everywhere from India to Scotland, and the author refutes the usual explanation that this is a relic of marriage by capture. Varro states that the threshold is sacred to Vesta, and this belief (that it is haunted by spirits) is next illustrated. Some of these spirits are those of human dead buried under the doorway, occasionally of still-born infants buried thus to secure re-birth, and the practice is illustrated by East Anglian precedents. Then come sacrifices to the threshold, either on marriage or illness. All this shows that the sanctity of the threshold is probably derived from spirits which are supposed to haunt it, and that the Keepers of the Threshold had a task the reason for which they could not explain.

The chapter we have quoted is a comparatively short one of 18 pages (the Deluge demands 260 pages, and Jacob's Marriage still more), but the method throughout the book is the same. In some cases the explanation suggested is a new one, as in the instance quoted above; in others Sir James confirms and supports one which has already been put forward, with a prodigious

quality of illustration only possible in a master of his subject. But this prodigality must not be allowed to obscure the fact that the greater part of the beliefs and practices of the early world has irretrievably disappeared, and that, as the author insists, any inferences he draws must be received with diffidence and reserve. Bearing this in mind, we cannot exaggerate the importance of his contribution to what has been the most valuable effort of religious criticism in our days—the attempt to separate the spiritual truth of the Hebrew faith from the *caput mortuum* of superstition and vain observance in which it was imbedded.

We hesitate to suggest that in the case of Esau and Jacob Sir James has allowed his humour a little free play. He begins by expressing the ordinary man's view of Jacob's character in terse Addisonian English, and then goes on to accept the explanation offered by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, that in patriarchal times ultimogeniture—the right of the youngest son to succeed—was the custom, as it still is in some parts of this country under the name of Borough English. So far, so good, but when we come to the stratagem by which he obtained his father's sacramental blessing, Sir James is forced to assume a double layer of forgotten customs, one of ultimogeniture, and one where primogeniture existed, but where the elder son was obliged to feign himself new-born—the veritable youngest. Now, of course, the stories of Genesis were written down when all knowledge of the conditions of patriarchal life had disappeared, since, for example, Abraham is represented as a large flock and herd master, and at the same time as moving about in settled districts, where he would be continually trespassing on established rights; but still there seems no necessity for postulating such a long period as the formation and oblivion of two customs of succession might require. In that case, however, we should have lost two very entertaining and learned chapters of the book.

What then is the result of these volumes? In the first place, and chiefly, Sir James Frazer has been completely successful in showing that no documents of the past can be consecrated and set apart from the free enquiry of reason, and in proving the essential community of religious experience in its historical development. He has shown how the civilisation of the present covers and hardly hides the savagery of the past. He has marshalled legions of disconnected observations with a perfect art, with an exquisite literary craft to which readers of *THE SATURDAY REVIEW* are fortunately no strangers, in a way which no other living man could approach. He has gone as far as the condition of his materials allows, and his conclusions, however they may be modified, in the future, will always rank among the classics of the subject.

But looking back over these many thousands of observations, we are appalled by the inchoate condition of the study of Folk-lore. The science of Anthropology might as well never have existed for all that is made of its results and theories. Myths, legends, and rites of North American Indians, Australian natives, Hindoos, and negroes are used indiscriminately and *pari passu*, on the strength of a single common feature. Aryan and Celt, words banished as terms of art from the scientific vocabulary, find a welcome in Folk-lore. The whole mass of observations, too, requires to be worked over with the strictest care. Half of them are obviously untrustworthy, either the result of misunderstanding, ignorance of the language, or suggestion by the observer, not to mention such cases as that of a tribe of Pueblo Indians whose complicated ceremonialism was found to be due to the zeal of a German Jew, husband of a native woman and thus cacique. The original evidence for the most startling statement about the Australian natives, that they are ignorant of the connection between the sexual congress and paternity, rests, as far as we can learn, on the evidence of observers who could not speak the language. Seeing that in this case, as Sir James says, the value of a wife is only that of a beast of burden and labour, it would appear

rather surprising that a complicated system of conventions has grown up among these natives, limiting choice in marriage to a few possible women. By now it is, of course, too late to find out the truth on this matter; the native has learnt his lesson and will repeat it, though he will spear the man who touches his jinn. But we have our doubts. And what of the observer who thinks that when a man says his original ancestor was a wolf, he holds the theory of evolution in a crude form? To make a scientific book out of such materials demanded genius.

It remains to be said that an excellent index of over eighty pages makes reference to any part of the book easy, and that Sir James has dedicated this book to Trinity College, Cambridge, whose praise he has already celebrated in one of the finest and most musical passages in modern English prose. We have just reread it, and the impression is still with us. If Sir James were not a ripe scholar, which he is; if he were not a leader of thought, which he is; he would still rank as the writer of some of the noblest English of our day.

R. L. S.

New Poems. By R. L. Stevenson. Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.

MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, in his preface to these poems, observes that all Stevensonians owe a debt of gratitude to the Bibliophile Society of Boston for having discovered and given to the world what would otherwise have remained scattered and hidden indefinitely in the hands of various collectors. We have at this moment so many causes for gratitude to the American nation at large that perhaps we may be forgiven if we confess that, in spite of our respect for Mr. Osbourne's judgment, as good and, indeed, passionate Stevensonians, we are unable to be grateful at all. Because, to be perfectly honest, these poems won't do. If it had been necessary to appraise them as the work of a new hand, one would (mistakenly) have said that the writer had learnt little and forgotten practically everything that he ought to have remembered. And then, no doubt, one would have felt a qualm and have been glad to use the qualification contained in the "practically" of the previous sentence. For certain starry lines scattered here and there would have teased recollection. Remembering, for instance, the four lines,

"Over the land is April,
Over my heart a rose,
Over the high brown mountain
The sound of singing goes,"

the critic would have wavered. So in the end one might (had one been lucky), dropping the manner of the *Edinburgh Review*, have concluded by saying that, if the young man would give up claiming second-rate emotions, would rigorously use the blue pencil, and above all avoid the Scottish dialect, he might have a future as a romantic. And, of course, one would have been hopelessly wrong, and hopelessly right. Wrong, because no writer ever in history knew so well how to discard false emotion, how to prune and, best of all, how to translate the garbage of the kailyard into the sombre beauty of the churchyard of

"That grey land,
where about the graves of the Covenanters
the curlews are still crying
your heart remembers how."

Right because Robert Louis is young indeed, young as the King's Daughter in Duntrine while still she had no thought upon the morrow, and no power upon the hour after the manner of common men; because, if romance has any future, it will surely have at least one wing dipped in the colours of morning where "The Wrecker" sails the South Seas and of night in the London streets near the cigar-divan of ex-Prince Florizel.

This mild protest being uttered, we may now examine the poems, indicating why we have been

forced to make it, and all the time wondering whether after all it would not have been better to clamp our flag to the mast, crying, "Our Stevenson right or wrong." But it wouldn't. For consider this:—

"I am as one that keeps awake
All night in the month of June,
That lies awake in bed to watch
The trees and the great white moon,

For memories of love are more
Than the white moon there above,
And dearer than quiet moonshine,
Are the thoughts of her I love."

"Quiet moonshine!" Can't you hear Barbara Grant's silver laughter and see her shake her comely sides? "Quiet moonshine, Dauvit mon. Did ye ever hear tell of noisy moonshine or of moonshine at all except under that great untidy tow of yours?" Or again:—

"Come and smile, dear, and forget
I boasted so,
I apologise—regret—
It was all a jest; and—yet—
I do not know."

Do you remember how Catriona kissed David Balfour's hand as she had, a little girl of six, kissed Prince Charlie's before all his Army? And how, when she thought herself betrayed in 'The Island Nights' Entertainments, the South Sea girl wept full length on the ground, so that her little brown heels shook with her sobbing. Yet the two quotations are from the hand of the writer of 'Catriona' and 'The Island Nights' Entertainments.' No! On the whole, we are not grateful to the Bostonians.

And it doesn't quite stop there. Stevenson, you may recollect, wrote a book called 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' and another called 'Fables.' Even proud metaphysicians have not hesitated to pilfer from these and other books. Indeed, one most eminent took from 'The Dynamiter' as the best account of morality ever given the saying, "I'm not a moral man, but there are some things I won't do and others I can't stand." Do you suppose the same author wrote this?

"And thou, faded Future, uncertain and frail,
As I cherish thy light in each draught.
Her lamp is not more to the miner—the sail
Is not more to the crew on the raft,
For Hope can make feeble ones earnest and brave
And, as forth thro' the years I look on,
Believe me, my friend, between this and the grave,
I see wonderful things to be done."

It is enough to make one fall into German (happily being able to shelter behind Matthew Arnold) and to cry, as Goethe cried of Byron, "Sobald er reflectiert, ist er ein Kind."

That is enough of derogatory quotation, both for the sake of R.L.S. and for that of the, no doubt amiable, Bostonians. Let us look now at the few lines that warm the blood of the Stevensonian. Surely these four will serve as a call to any adventure, even the high adventures of Alan, that bore the name of a king:—

"Still O beloved, let me hear
The great bell beating far and near,
That odd unknown enchanted gong
That on the road hales men along."

That, you will agree, is the sort of gong that Tom the Piper's Son had the measure of—a gong that follows faintly "over the hills and far away."

Then for a miracle of translation take this:—

"Here lies Erotion, whom at six years old
Fate pilfered. Stranger (when I too am cold,
Who shall succeed me in my rural field),
To this small spirit annual honours yield!
Bright be thy hearth, hale be thy babes, I crave
And this, in thy green farm, the only grave."

The only grave in the green farm, indeed, and fit to be (save that there is no place for graves there) the only little burrow in all the greener 'Child's Garden of Verses.'

Then, last of all, bursting from a dreary clog verse, as it bursts the drearier bonds of life, Stevenson spirit—bright, "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified"

"It may be that I shall sink and yet
Hear, thro' all taunt and scornful laughter,
Through all defeat and all regret
The stronger swimmers coming after."

Perhaps, after all, the Bostonians were right!

OLD CHELSEA.

The Wonderful Village. By Reginald Blunt. M. & Boon. 8s. 6d. net.

AT first sight we thought this book might refer to one of those model villages where everyone is industrious, well-behaved, and steady that the place has, like the Periclean model woman, no history and no excitements. Mr. Blunt's name, however, at once suggested Chelsea—not the team of football professionals which plays its tricks before an enraptured crowd and is oddly called "The Pensioners," but the quiet and select region which lies below the glare and commercial ugliness of the King's Road. Here London, that "blear-eyed blunderer" in buildings and stony-hearted stepmother of art and literature, suddenly ceases. The trams have not penetrated down to Carlyle's statue; the trains are some way off; and memories and fine old houses still hold their own against the improver and the jerry-builder. This is largely due to such pens as that of Mr. Blunt, and the presence of a host of people like him, who are in pursuit of beauty and art rather than commercial success. Chelsea has long been the artists' quarter, and we include under that title men of letters worth following because their work is not carefully subordinated to the idols of the market-place.

The claims of the blinded men of St. Dunstan's are specially considered here, for the author is devoting the whole of his profits to their assistance. The appeal, like others for excellent causes, has, of course, nothing to do with literary merit. We should not be justified in praising a book because its author lived in garret and had thirteen children, nor is Mr. Blunt's book necessarily praiseworthy because it is devoted to a good object. Luckily it is good, being the work of a master reviewing a subject of which he knows all the attractions. We only wonder that one so steeped in the pleasant charm of old things should spoil his narrative here and there by sputtering the latest slang on us. This lingo is vivid in its way, but what is it doing in this gallery of old portraits? It suits Chelsea football-ground, but hardly the august ghosts of the Chelsea. Some of these characters are irrevocably dead, like the man of science whose Chelsea epitaph in Latin, if we remember right, records his gift to posterity of his books preserved in his grave with him. Their wisdom has long since mouldered, and his vanity is as vain as that of Johnson's master, Tom Brown, who published a spelling-book and dedicated it to the University. Neither the British Museum nor the Bodleian has a copy of it.

Mr. Blunt's seven papers, including a timely postscript about the wicked deeds of soulless authorities, are well varied: they range from queens to servant girls, and from the queer career of a Concordance maker to the businesslike energies of a famous English potter. Wedgwood of Etruria and William de Morgan are both well known, but the title of 'Alexander the Corrector' will be nothing to the ordinary reader. This was the name Concordance Cruden gave himself, a Scot from Aberdeen whose mixture of megalomania and meekness, shrewd sense and sheer madness, proves an extraordinary story in his own pamphlets about his sufferings. They may be met with occasionally in the bookshops—the present writer got them some twenty years since—and they would be invaluable to a novelist in search of local colour and wild doings. The Chelsea Academy of Cruden's days had nothing to do with piety, art, or medicine, as usually understood. It was an institution like those pilloried in 'Hard Cash,' a lunatic

ylum where outrages were as much a matter of course as the physician's satisfactory fees. Cruden's narratives show, *inter alia*, that hunger-striking and horrible feeding were not invented by and for the suffragettes. Perhaps the quaintest of his proceedings was his way of getting special prayers read in church for a lady with an excellent fortune whom he pursued readily, with a view to marriage. Mr. Blunt takes a kindly view of Cruden's disordered mind, but when he was sane, he seems to us to have had the kind of other-worldliness which does not somehow disdain the advantages of this world. He carried a sponge to face the traces of the wicked Wilkes from the walls of London; he expected the Almighty to do great things for him; and did not mind proclaiming them.

On 'The Etrurians in Chelsea' no one can speak with more confidence than Mr. Blunt, the assistant of Mr. de Morgan; but we think the pottery will survive longer than the novels. The former has not the sprawling and indiscriminate style of the latter. A curious super-concerns Mrs. Carlyle and a maid-servant, a young girl who proved a highly competent hand, and as lectured, it seems to us, rather relentlessly by the brilliant and fitful Jane Welsh. To satisfy the growling age and his neurasthenic partner was no small feat. It is only fair to add that little Charlotte, plunged at once into numerous duties, emerged with a real regard for her master and mistress. What would not a host of people give for so capable a hand-to-day, a jewel of a creature, who was "good, biddable, never." But now the maids do the bidding quickly enough: they bid us farewell.

An attractive chapter for a student of the eighteenth century is afforded by a bundle of cuttings which Mr. Blunt secured, laid aside, and discovered to his advantage on a wet Sunday. Here are glimpses of highwaymen, robberies, duels, strange accidents, splendid servants breaking windows because not allowed to take their vails, and tradesmen with gorgeous gifts of advertisement. One "Artist in Decorative Hair" of 1828 desires "to insinuate that, providing acknowledged ability, enthusiastic regard, accompanied with commodities which are both *vilis et bonum*, the superinducements or avenues leading to Business, J. L. unhesitatingly asserts that he possesses all these even to perfection."

He despises "other contemporary dissembling operators upon the pericranium," and has, it will be observed, a sense of the magic of the Latin language, not of its grammar.

We notice among the deaths recorded that of the learned and Reverend Mr. William Young, late of Chillingham in Dorsetshire, "who supplied the idea of Parson Adams to Fielding. Surely "Chillingham" should be Gillingham; or, more precisely, the parish of West Stower, close to East Stower, where Fielding ran through a pretty property in his earlier years. Leaders of 'Joseph Andrews' may remember the *Æschylus* carried about by Parson Adams, but not many may know that his prototype was an Army Chaplain under Marlborough, and so absent-minded as to walk, deep in *Æschylus*, into the enemy's lines. He was politely returned to his regiment. Savagery in war had not in the eighteenth century been developed into national virtue.

The fashionable resorts of Ranelagh and Cremorne have entirely disappeared. Mr. Blunt's chapter on them might easily have contained more detail; but we already had that in Mr. Wroth's excellent book on London Pleasure Gardens. Fashion might revive something similar again, for its vagaries are infinite. The public could rejoice in the view of aeroplanes instead of balloons with unfortunate animals suspended below them; and we have at least now as well as then a protesting Bishop of London. Where are the lost glories of the Chelsea Bun? It does not appear to have survived, like the Banbury Cake, but we presume the recipe is extant, and what time could be so appropriate for revival as the present, when the world is returning with gusto to the delights of the sea-table?

CONAN DOYLE

'Danger! and Other Stories.' By Arthur Conan Doyle. Murray. 6s. net.

THE eponymous story, to which the author evidently attaches importance, is not very convincing. He informs us in his preface that it was written eighteen months before the war in order to alarm us about submarines. One of the smallest Powers in Europe defied Great Britain over a frontier dispute and the death of two missionaries. The Capital was taken and the fleet destroyed at once, but eight submarines starved us out so completely in a few weeks that the people were reduced to eating roots, and Great Britain had to give in. The argument is that, if this could be accomplished by eight submarines, the Germans with their greater numbers would paralyze us even more quickly. It does not seem to occur to the author that his warning is discounted by the fact that they did nothing of the kind, and therefore his moral, that we ought to revive our agriculture and build Channel tunnels, falls to the ground.

Some of his stories are, however, delightful, and we must congratulate him once more on his versatility. He adopts almost a different style for each narrative. Perhaps the most attractive consists in a reproduction of real children's patter, the wonderful game of Indians they played with Daddy, their troublesome questions about Noah and Jonah and the snakes of South America, and the story of a cricketer who bowled right through a coat and then killed a dog.

"Daddy, is it true that God listens to all we say?"

'I don't know about that,' Daddy answered cautiously. You never know into what trap those quick little wits may lead you. The Lady was more rash, or more orthodox.

'Yes, dear, He does hear all you say.'

'Is He listenin' now?'

'Yes, dear.'

'Well, I call it vewy rude of Him.'"

'Borrowed Scenes' is also delightful. An ardent disciple of Borrow wanders about Sussex, talking exactly like the Master. He quotes Dafydd-ap-Gwilym and Calderon and Lopez de Vega to the yodels of the Rose and Crown at Swinehurst. Then he meets a hop-picker's wife.

"Do you dukker?" I asked (meaning, tell fortunes).

She slapped me on the arm. 'Well, you are a pot of ginger!' said she.

I was pleased at the slap, for it put me in mind of the peerless Belle. 'You can use Long Melford,' said I, an expression which, with the master, meant fighting.

'Get along with your sauce!' said she, and struck me again.

'You are a very fine young woman,' said I, 'and remind me of Grunelda, the daughter of Hjalmar, who stole the golden bowl from the King of the Islands.'

She seemed annoyed at this. 'You keep a civil tongue, young man,' said she."



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Then he tries "Long Melford" with a drayman, who makes off with a sovereign and leaves him with a kick on the head. Finally he is escorted to the station. "'He is a gentleman too,' said the constable, 'and I doubt not that he lives in a big house in London town.'

'A very big house, if every man had his rights,' said the stationmaster."

'One Crowded Hour' is an unconvincing story of a squire who was robbed by a financier and revenged himself by turning a highway robber with a motor car, and plundering his man, after holding up an old friend for a purse of seven shillings, and some actresses for their trinkets.

'The Fall of Lord Barrymore' affords a slight, amusing picture of Vauxhall in the days of the Georges. 'The Horror of the Heights' is a blood-curdling story of an aviator's adventures at over 40,000 feet, and the uncanny creatures he encountered in the jungles of the air.

Altogether, there is something for every taste.

A SHIRKED ISSUE.

The Kingdom of Content. By Pan. Mills & Boon. 6s. net.

THE opening part of Pan's intelligent anticipation of events is thrilling to the nerves. He shows you a London of aerial traffic, overhead tramways, and a Socialist Government. Industry, excepting Utopia, has found itself ground beneath the heel of stupendous Trusts. There is a fierce upheaval, led by a ferocious fanatic . . . you wonder what the outcome is to be: and then the author—shirks it.

A gigantic earthquake, blotting out most of England, and leaving a little handful of men to sort themselves in couples, eliminating the superfluous, is a lame and impotent conclusion, apart from its stark impossibility. It changes the whole book to a far more ordinary problem, mainly concerned with sex. "Pan" has burned London down to roast a sucking-pig, and the result is disappointing. Moreover, his style is sometimes turgid as a third-rate melodrama. Listen to this: "That little god who draws, with magnet wand, haired mouths to meet sweet budding lips that are moist with the dewy nectar of Love, and mingles sighs of desire with the quick-caught breath of surrender." It is not all so bad as that. When Pan gets away from moist lips and haired mouths, he can write quite vigorous prose. But a murrain on his silly earthquake! It spoils a most promising situation.

"GERMAN WEST."

An Armed Protest. By F. Bancroft. Hutchinson. 6s. 9d net

THERE are two interests side by side in this ably written novel. One is a love-interest, concerned with a fine, spirited girl, a "cat" of rather an obsolete type, a manly lover and a not conspicuously favourable specimen of a husband. All this part is mediocre, and thrown in to balance the other interest, which is far more novel and attractive.

The book gives a real picture of the Veldt dwellers and the question which divided them and led some of them into rebellion in the course of this war. Those who had relatives and friends among the settlers in "German West," and who appreciated the struggle that these had had with reluctant Nature and aboriginal dangers, were suddenly called upon to drive these very people from their homes. The two sets of conscience-driven men and women make a study which one is ashamed to regard with mere interest. It is all too poignantly actual, and too near for that. It is easy to see on which side the author's sympathies lie, but a real effort has been made to avoid unfairness. Among the characters the just and the unjust belong to both factions. Now that the war is over, more and more will, no doubt, come to be written of those other Fronts which the sound of the guns of Flanders in our ears

has driven a little from the place they would have taken in our minds, if the whole struggle had been on a normal scale.

The author promises a sequel—the scene to be "German East"—as a fitting pendant.

A NOVEL WITH A PURPOSE.

The Flapper's Mother. By Madge Mears. 6s. net.

A CURIOUSLY misleading title this! You give a pert damsel with a pig-tail, and either rival or a much-enduring matron. In their place you have Vera, who is, strictly speaking, hardly a flapper, and a woman whose story does not hinge entirely on motherhood, but on her marital relation. The book is a sort of object-lesson on the need for reform of marriage laws. An idiot wife and a wastrel husband by their mere existence keep two congenial couples from lawful matrimony, to the great detriment of the at least conventional morals. Whether Vera's egoistic lover was the stuff of which husbands are made seems doubtful; but the poor child's case is clear and so is her mother's.

The characters are drawn with sincerity and sympathy, and the dialogue is always natural.

A CLASSIC OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Tractatus de Bello, de Represaliis, et de Duello. Giovanni da Legnano. Edited by T. E. Holland. Oxford, Clarendon Press. 42s. 6d. net.

THE Carnegie Institution has had the excellent idea of reprinting the classics of International Law, mainly for the use of American students, incidentally benefiting many in Europe who are barred from their study either by the language or the cost in which they are available. They propose in the series of early books to give facsimiles of the original editions and translations of the Latin. In this volume we have a reproduction of the earliest known manuscript of the work as well as of the earliest printed edition, extended Latin text, and a translation by Mr. J. Brierly, together with an introduction by the editor.

Giovanni da Legnano was one of the famous professors at Bologna, when that university was the centre of the legal teaching of Europe. He was in favour with the Popes of his time and with the authorities of the city as well. The first part of his treatise was composed while Bologna was the seat of a struggle between Visconti and the Papal forces in 1360, parts dealing with reprisals and other forms of private war were composed later. The author writes as a canonist, astrologer, theologian, and moralist, and questions of international law occupy but a small place in his considerations, while there is surprisingly little information as to the life of his time to be gathered from the treatise. Indeed, the only fact we learn is that the pay of German mercenaries was seven florins a month.

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ough the whole discussion as to the status of com-
ants is eloquent of Italian methods of making war.
the book is undoubtedly the first serious discus-
of the international law of war, and as such is
worth study.

Professor Holland has done everything that the
of a legal classic should do, and in addition has
dated the relationship between John of Legnano
a well-known French book of the end of
fifteenth century, "Le Songe du Vergier."
transcription of the text, so far as we have
able to test it, is only at fault once—
"na" (p. 77) for "urna." It might, however, have
advisable to consult some mediæval scholar on
difficulties the editor met with. "Distrasiam"
(88) is "discrasiam," which is not very bad Latin,
aning tempering the elements of the body. Simi-
"adscensu" (p. 88), which is in the manuscript,
ood Latin and makes good sense—"the rise of
Trojans." "Philominia" (p. 103) must be guessed
it may be a copyist's error for "philotimia," or
"philominina" in contradistinction to "mag-
limitas."

We can hardly praise Mr. Brierly as the ideal trans-
. He is at least fair enough to put in a row of
isks when he does not understand his original.
is evidently unfamiliar with the special vocabulary
his subject, and apparently with the meaning of the
d "compurgation": "duel of compurgation"
(146) is pure nonsense. "Bononiensem potestatem"
uld have been translated "a Bolognese podestat"
Milan. And surely readers who require a trans-
on should be told somewhere that when a statement
oted from the "red and black," it means that it is
ad both in the text, written in red, and the gloss,
ten in black. But these little peculiarities apart,
are bound to say that it is a quite good, straight-
ward, and exact rendering of a text, which pre-
ded a number of difficulties to the ordinary scholar.
ents of typography will be glad to know the
unt by which the facsimile at the end is reduced:
ty lines of the original measure 92mm. of the
imile 75mm. The execution of the book is as nearly
ect as human care could make it, and reflects the
best credit on everyone concerned.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Milton: Areopagitica. With a Commentary by Sir Richard
ebb and with supplementary material. Cambridge Univer-
Press. This is an excellent addition to the "Pitt Press
." Jebb's commentary was the earliest printed work, we
t, of that famous classical scholar; but it was only privately
d for a course of lectures, and now attains a wider cir-
um for the first time. It shows Jebb's conciseness and gift of
gement. Historical and classical allusions are put before
udent with the ease of a practised hand. With matters of
ish and such additions as are needed by schoolboys Jebb did
deal to any extent, and Mr. A. W. Verity has extended this
of the volume, adding also a life of Milton. We could wish
o better annotator, as Mr. Verity has long since shown his
city in his editions of "Paradise Lost." He makes full use
cent authorities such as "Shakespeare's England." Our only
estion is that it would be well to illustrate meanings of
s which are now unusual by a few more examples. This
to fix them on the mind. "Event," for instance, in the
e of "result," appears in the last words of Tennyson's "In
oriam."

"One far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."
atic vision" was in Lamb's chaff of Coleridge suggested
a view of oneself in favourable circumstances. We should
added to Jebb's note on "Professors"—strict Christians,
otation from Bunyan, e.g., "Grace abounding," section 44,
told me also, that in a little time I should see all Pro-
turn to the ways of Ranters." Generally, however, Mr.
y illustrates Milton admirably, recognises his touches of
iography and his curiosities in spelling, which were neglected

in former years by casual reprints. We are glad to notice that
Johnson's story of Milton being flogged at Cambridge is declared
to be discredited by the best judges. The usually sound criticism
of Johnson was in this case prejudiced by his views as a strong
Churchman, and he said all against Milton that he could.

'Sir Walter Scott as a Judge: His Decisions in the Sheriff
Court of Selkirk.' By John Chisholm, K.C. Edinburgh, W.
Green & Son. 7s. 6d. net. For thirty-three years Scott held the
office of Sheriff, and his judgments remained buried at Selkirk
till Mr. Chisholm unearthed them. He has edited them in this
interesting volume, which may well appeal to other than legal
circles, as it shows much of the Scottish character which is
immortalised in the Waverley Novels. Oddities abound, and the
more curious cases are dealt with in detail. Incidentally Mr.
Chisholm's book should do away with the foolish idea that Scott
played with the law and used his legal occupation mainly as a
means for his own private writing. No one who really knows
Sir Walter will think that. His judgments are generally in his
own handwriting, and "without exception disclose a minute and
painstaking study of the details of the case." They also disclose
that thoughtful consideration for humanity which sometimes
reduces the terrors of the law. Scott's zeal and care are the
more creditable to him because he was busy also as a clerk of
the Court of Session in Edinburgh, as well as one of the first
men of letters of the day. His record of work of various kinds
is amazing, but it must be remembered that he rose early in the
morning and had often done a day's work before other people
were thinking of beginning it. No careful reader of his novels
can fail to perceive his interest in legal decisions and the local
customs on which they rely. Mr. Chisholm gives us some excel-
lent illustrations of this sort, in particular, Oldbuck's remarks in
'The Antiquary' on imprisonment for debt. The great 'Jour-
nal,' as he points out, shows that Scott's consideration for the
poor was modified by his shrewd sense. The lower classes loved
litigation, and gratified spite in wranglings that never ought to
have been brought into Court.

Scott was associated in his work with Erskine, an admirable
judge of letters, and with the Lang family, which produced in
later years one of his keenest admirers and best critics. If some
of his work was a bore, many cases must have appealed to his
sense of humour. An Incorporation of Tailors engaged on a
festival procession in 1804 had its banner torn, and was mightily
moved to claim damages. Scott decided that the banner was not
beyond repair and had the work done in his own family. We
find a dancing-master getting out of a lost bet on the ground
that the transaction was "contra bonos mores," cases concerning
Tolls, Dram Glasses for the King's Birthday Entertainment, and
a warrant "in meditatione fugae," which is illustrated from the
novels. Burns was, if we remember right, sued with a "fugie"
warrant when he was leaving Edinburgh. Sir Walter had to
decide a case of money for sheep against Hogg, who—as we
should expect—defended at great length. Some of the words used
in the cases will be strange to the Southron. Our 'Dictionary
of Lowland Scotch' does not include "feals," which is appar-
ently a synonym for "divots." The latter might be obscure too,
if golf had not extended over the whole of England.

'The Fairies' Annual,' presented by Cecil Starr Jones (Lane,
10s. 6d. net). Children of all ages will be introduced by this
work to a new section of fairy society, who are made more
real by a large number of illustrations in colour, marked by taste
and fancy. Some of them, like 'The Dance of the Leaves,' are
really instinct with imaginative beauty, and all are well printed
and reproduced. There could hardly be a better present for a
young child.

'German Social Democracy During the War,' by Edwyn Bevan
(Allen & Unwin, 5s. net), is peculiarly serviceable at the present
moment, when many of those named and described in it have
come to the direction of affairs by the chances of revolution. The
work is based upon German publications. As far as we
have been able to test it, it is an accurate and trustworthy
account, in which the writer's prepossessions may be easily
allowed for. It goes no further than the fall of Michaelis in
October, 1917, and thus leaves a whole year of "time"
Socialist activity undescribed. The preface, written before our
counter-offensive began, shows how few among them were really
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THE CITY

The lists of the largest loan ever issued for cash by any Government are closed this week. In fifteen months over fifteen hundred millions have been raised by the day-to-day sale of National War Bonds, with the least possible disturbance to the money markets and without plumbing the extreme depths of the nation's capacity. The success of the "continuous borrowing" policy has triumphantly vindicated Mr. Bonar Law's faith in a financial expedient, for the sale of Treasury bills over the Bank of England counter was relatively a simple operation. No other belligerent country has adopted this procedure, and it is not likely to be repeated until the next great war.

Presumably Mr. Austen Chamberlain, as Chancellor, will give the public a few weeks' breathing space before resuming the sale of any Government securities, except those of short-dated-maturity. War Savings Certificates will be available under the new scheme whereby 15s. 6d. becomes 20s. in five years or 26s. in ten years; the Treasury bills issue will probably be extended to include twelve months as well as three and six-months bills, and it may be that two-or-three year Exchequer Bonds will be revived to meet professional requirements. But these issues alone will hardly meet the needs of the Treasury, and sooner or later a big public loan may be expected.

Meanwhile the cessation of the sale of War Bonds should benefit quotations of existing gilt-edged securities. During the last fortnight there has been a good deal of selling of the 5 per cent. War Loan for the purpose of exchange into War Bonds, and it is noteworthy that the price has kept quite firm under this liquidation. Some improvement is probable in the next few weeks, and if it be true that future Government borrowing will be on less favourable terms for investors there should be a general advance in investment prices in adjustment to the lower interest rate.

At present money rates are governed, directly or indirectly, by the three per cent. rate for deposits and for three-and-six-months Treasury bills, and it may be noted that the £8,000,000 of French yearling Treasury bills were allotted at an average discount rate of about 4⁷/₁₆ per cent., as compared with 5¹/₂ per cent. a year ago.

Public investment appetite at present is directed unmistakably toward home industrial undertakings, with oil shares as a favourite side-dish. Such industrial new issues as are permitted by the Treasury are assured of a good response for some time to come. There is plenty of money in the provinces ready to support local enterprises, and the hesitation shown immediately after the signing of the armistice has now given place to renewed confidence.

Another cryptic Ministerial statement on the railway situation has been made, leading to no definite conclusion; but presumably some significance attaches to the appointment of Sir Eric Geddes, a railway man, as Minister of Transport. Mr. Lloyd George is reported as saying that it is the intention of the Government to "deal with the whole of the railways and the electrical industry for transport and power purposes." Legislation at an early date is promised. In spite of opposition from manufacturers, it is thought that nationalisation is inevitable, and it is confidently believed that terms of purchase will be favourable in comparison with present quotations for railway securities, as indeed they should be in view of the poor remuneration received by stockholders for the incalculable services of the railways during the war; but this confidence should not prevent stockholders from uniting for the proper representation and protection of their own interests.

Now that the brewing industry has been set on its feet again—with the aid of drastic reduction of capital in many cases—brewery stocks have returned once more into public favour.

MOTOR NOTES

After nearly four and a half years of stagnation, as far as private cars are concerned, motor manufacturers are now busily engaged on their post-war models. In many circles it is anticipated that all the restrictions on motoring under D.O.R.A. will before very long be removed. It is possible now to obtain petrol licenses for 50 gallons a month for cars for pleasure motoring, and it is interesting to see that the precious fluid has fallen a little in price; a decided drop may take place shortly.

Many motorists are impatiently awaiting the publication of specifications and prices of the post-war models, and I have it from the sales manager of one large concern that they have been bombarded daily with requests for details of their new models. As a matter of fact, very few manufacturers are in a position to make public the definite details; therefore, the would-be purchaser must "Wait and see" for a little longer. That a certain amount of somewhat vague information should leak out concerning some of the new models was only to be expected, and, if this information is at all reliable, we may expect to see some really interesting productions in the near future. The idea seems to be well rooted abroad that light cars, and cars of low power, are going to be in enormous demand, and certainly this would appear to be the opinion of a number of manufacturers who have announced their intention of concentrating on such cars. There is a lot to be said in favour of both the light car and the low-powered car, and competition looks like being very keen when these cars are on the market in large numbers.

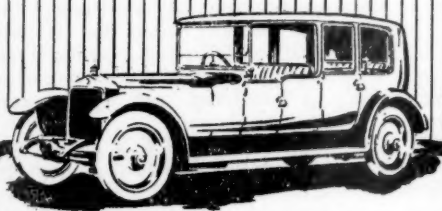
Amongst the few firms able to publish the details of their new models, the Austin Co. are the first. The company announced their intention, some time ago, of concentrating on the production of one model on a quantity basis, and the "Austin Twenty" is the model.

It is a new car, both in body design and mechanical details. The power-unit is a monobloc four-cylinder engine, the chassis is of straight-line design, and a four-speed gear box is embodied in one unit with the engine. An electric lighting and starting set is included in the equipment. In appearance, to which the narrow and deep radiator contributes not a little, the car is very smart. Visitors to that part of Birmingham in which the works of the Austin Co. are situated will find them a colossal affair, a veritable hive of business.

Another entirely new car we are promised is the Arrol-Johnston, which bids fair to be a very interesting model. It has four cylinders of 75×150 mm. and overhead valves, a four-speed gear box with centrally mounted control, and a lubrication system that is automatic throughout the car. The location of the radiator at the front of the bonnet instead of behind, as in previous models, brings the car, as far as appearance is concerned, into line with orthodox practice.

It will be interesting to watch how far the influence of aero engine design will be reflected in future car construction. One or two new models in addition to the Arrol-Johnston will embody overhead valves, which may be regarded as standard aero engine practice. This is not absolutely a new feature for car engines, but it is one that hitherto has not been embodied to any great extent. This may be due to prejudice, or to the idea that valves of this type are necessarily noisy in their functions. Be that as it may, that they have advantages is conclusively proved by their standard adoption for aero engines during the war. One of the advantages lies in the fact that the eliminating of the valve pockets from the cylinder head allows for the ideal form of combustion chamber and decreases the loss of power.

Another direction in which we expect to see the influence of aero engine practice reflected in the car of the future, is the question of weight, in relation to strength.



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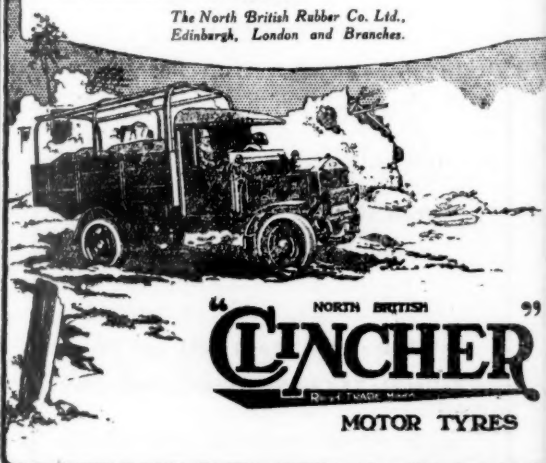
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The results will be embodied in the post-war

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This has always been known as the PROVED BEST CAR, but the future model will be unique in the embodiment of Refinement, Power, Silence and Reliability. surpassing any previous model produced.

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BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS (EASTERN) LTD.

26TH ANNUAL MEETING, held 15TH JANUARY, 1919, at
MIDLAND GRAND HOTEL, ST. PANCRAS.

*Statement by the Chairman, Sir Jesse Boot, Bart.,
Managing Director.*

A Record of Continued Success.

Stability of Shares—Valuable War Service—Anti-Gas War: A Pregnant Chapter in History—Financial Fallacies Corrected—Excess Profits are *not* Excessive Profits—National Work Done Without Remuneration—Extension of Chemical Manufactures a National Asset—Tribute to Employees—Outlook Excellent.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

To-day is the 26th Annual Meeting of our Company, and I am thankful to Providence that I have been able to attend them all. Last year our meeting was necessarily delayed; this year circumstances have made an even longer postponement unavoidable. You are familiar with some of our difficulties. On the one hand military requirements have continued to reduce our personnel, so that a total of 4,000 men have now been taken for active service from our various Companies, and on the other hand the depleted staff at headquarters has had to cope with increasingly heavy Government demands for various important supplies and services. Pressure has also been added by the serious epidemic of influenza, so that the past year has indeed been one of unparalleled strain, and in some of the less essential matters it has not been possible to follow our regular course. We have, in these circumstances, felt it wise to attend to first things first, and to defer for a time reports and meetings as of less immediate importance. The delay in this connection is not a serious matter at all, for our ample reserves permit the timely distribution of dividends without waiting for the Annual Meeting. I had felt, too, that affairs in general might perhaps become more settled, and that possibly a number of our staff might have returned from military service to assist us in the activities we have in prospect. This hope, however, has not yet been realised, and consequently I cannot speak so definitely as I would have liked of our future policy.

STEADY TRADING PROGRESS, STABILITY OF THE SHARES.

I am, though, privileged to lay before you accounts which show steady progress in trading, and a Balance Sheet which must be satisfactory to all our shareholders. As always in the history of our Company, we have aimed at making our shares stable for investment purposes rather than a medium for speculation—to preserve an even keel, so to say—and I congratulate our shareholders on the steadiness their shares have shown. It is true that in common with all other securities they were for a time affected by the large amount of Government bonds placed on the market, but on the whole they have maintained their equilibrium splendidly. A glance at the report discloses a very adequate reason for this stability. As a result of past successful trading and prudent management through a long series of years, we have in hand large reserves of every description; and one point observed in the report worthy of special emphasis is that the carry-over alone (£21,048 19s. 6d.) is adequate to meet a full year's dividends upon all shares, for which, including 12½ per cent. upon the ordinary shares, a sum of £21,000 is needed. This is indeed a gratifying state of affairs, as showing in most conclusive fashion the extraordinary financial strength of the Company.

Moreover, while I am able to speak so favourably of the past year, I look forward with confidence to our future business. Our service is well established and of proved utility, and with the return of our old assistants, various developments and extensions will be carried out such as to confirm us more than ever in popular favour, and to strengthen still more the position of the Company.

RECORD OF PROSPERITY REMAINS UNINTERRUPTED.

The Eastern is the oldest of Boots Companies, and its territory is more fully covered than the districts served by the other Companies. Still, as I have remarked on previous occasions, most of our shareholders in the Eastern have holdings in these other Companies, and they will therefore be glad of a general survey of policy and progress. Happily in every case the record is one of uninterrupted prosperity. New branches have been opened at Portsmouth and Plymouth, which are already meeting with warm public appreciation; and throughout the whole country the accomplishments and prospects of our branches are highly encouraging.

WORTHY RECORD OF WAR SERVICE.

I wish to make special reference to the war work performed by our parent Company—Boots Pure Drug Company, Limited. It is a class of work which by God's grace we shall never again be called upon to undertake, but I think what we have done well worthy of record. Not only am I proud of the help we were able to give to the medical man and the pharmacist, whose services, both on the field and at home, it would be impossible to rate too highly; I reflect with deep feeling upon the part we have played in protecting our men from the most atrocious of all the enemy's weapons—poison gas. You have all heard of Col. E. F. Harrison, Controller of the Chemical Warfare Department, for on his recent death some part of his work was made public. But for his knowledge and skill, and his unremitting devotion to duty, the courage and mettle of our youth

might have been in vain when the inhuman use of poison gas was made. He gave his life to his country, and I humbly add my tribute leaf to his wreath of laurel.

In its early stages the use of poison gas was met by the simple respirator of cotton wool and crepe chemically treated. As it developed, however, a better protection became necessary, and the flannel helmet was evolved. This in turn proved useless against the more horrible ingenuities perpetrated by the perverted scientists of the enemy; indeed, it was worse than useless, it was a positive danger, for our gallant fellows "carried on," trusting to it in circumstances in which it was totally inefficient. Something further had to be done; science was pitted against diabolism, and science won through Col. Harrison and his devoted colleagues, who produced in the box respirator a sure defence against the poison gases of our foes.

BRITISH SCIENCE BEATS THE GERMAN POISON GASES.

It is a thrilling and pregnant chapter in the history of the war. Col. Harrison visited us at Nottingham, and I need hardly say that our resources and assistance were freely placed at his service. For some months he collaborated with our research staff, and the fruit of this co-operation was a chemical product which seemed likely to defy the most evil possibilities of our opponents. Then came the crucial test—the only sure test; a trial not under laboratory conditions, but on the actual field; and with a confidence tempered by natural anxiety this test was made. It was successful—completely so: the box respirator furnished with this product beat the poison gases. Within a short time it was in use by the million.

We were requested to undertake without delay the manufacture of this new respirator on a large scale. Our scientific staff had given their best endeavours during the preliminary period of research, and their assistance was continued in improving and perfecting the processes involved. Now our manufacturing organisation engaged diligently in giving wide practical effect to the life-saving discovery. Our best chemists, engineers, and organisers united in planning a factory with the most efficient equipment for continuous manufacture under the most skilful direction.

WORK OF THE UTMOST NICETY AND PRECISION.

The preparation of the respirators may be divided into two parts: the making of the necessary chemicals, and the filling and assembling of the respirators. The work throughout calls for the utmost nicety and precision, for the product must withstand the severest tests, and must be as carefully finished as the soldier's rifle. It was found essential to have the chemicals in such form as to be entirely free from dust or powder, otherwise minute particles getting into the respirator valves would leave an orifice—a very tiny orifice indeed, but yet enough to permit the entrance of sufficient gas to prove fatal. To meet this requirement we prepared the chemicals as granules of an exact specified uniformity. The granule making was originally done by hand, but our experts speedily evolved mechanical devices which performed the work much more expeditiously.

For several months we were the sole manufacturers of the box respirator, but finally the demand developed so enormously that we had to seek relief to prevent a serious dislocation of our general business. This was the situation. We have 600 branches throughout the country. They are perfectly equipped and are one and all engaged in a medical service highly necessary to the public. Even all this must inevitably have been sacrificed had no other plan been possible, but other firms had workers who had been engaged upon the manufacture of the flannel helmet which the new respirator had superseded. Consequently we asked the authorities to supply some of our chemical granules to these firms, so that they might assist in the filling and assembling. At the same time we helped these auxiliaries in every possible way to establish the system and methods which were such an acknowledged success at our own factory. It is well at this point to note that, in proportion to the number of people we engaged upon it, our output of work was consistently superior to that of any other firm. You will all hear with pride, I feel sure, that we manufactured almost the whole of the chemicals for the twenty million box respirators made, and actually delivered seven-and-three-quarter millions of the respirators complete for the use of the British, American, and Italian Forces. You will agree with me that ours was no mean achievement, but one which our Shareholders and our Companies may view with satisfaction.

FINANCIAL FALLACIES CORRECTED.

Now, I mean to refer to financial matters, and I hope to correct some popular misapprehensions about profiteering. It is quite a general opinion that what the Tax Authorities style "Excess Profits" are really excessive profits, but I think that people of liberal ideas will be surprised to learn the percentages we have received upon our labours. We have, of course, been busy in maintaining our general business, which is of such a nature that in the public interest it cannot be neglected. Every thing beyond this became subject to excess profits taxation. Our additional activities naturally increased our returns just as everyone would expect. There was, consequently, increased profit, and though it was in no sense abnormal or excessive in percentage, it was treated as "Excess Profits."

We offered, indeed, to carry out war work for a profit of 2½ per cent. free of excess profits tax. What we actually received—there can be no harm in mentioning it—was 8 per cent. in some cases and 10 per cent. in others: both subject to the tax. Now I want the workers to realise clearly the net result for us. Eighty-five pounds out of every hundred was returned to the State in taxes, so that we retained for ourselves profits of only 1 1/5th per cent. and 1½ per cent. respectively, or—to illustrate

18 January 1919

the case more pointedly—we got 3d. or 3½d. in the pound. That is to say we managed important business, working with care and anxiety night and day, and paid out 19/8½ or 19/9 on labour, materials, and other charges, before we received each sovereign in return.

BIG GROSS PROFITS : SMALL NET BENEFITS.

Sometimes gross profits may seem large: they must be when it is necessary to provide for the excess profits tax. For instance, on one occasion when we were invited to undertake a special manufacture, I asked an expert in these matters how we could make a profit on it. You may find his reply illuminating. "For every shilling of profit you need," said he, "you must charge the Department five shillings: then the Government will get four shillings and more back from you in taxation." In these circumstances we have become virtually tax collectors for the Government.

We do not grumble at all, for we have felt it a privilege to be of assistance to our country, but it is only fair to show clearly that we have received nothing in the way of excessive profits. I am not so foolish as to say that no firms have profiteered during the war. Some, it seems, have received special benefits, such as exemption from excess profits taxation, and some have taken advantage of the country's needs. I am sure, though, that we are not the only people who have not made profits the sole consideration. We did the work with a good will, and with a sense of pride, but thousands of our regular helpers being absent on active service, we carried it through only at the expense in many directions of the business at our 600 branches throughout the country. Valued customers of long standing have had to go short. We ask their indulgence, assured that they will excuse the inconvenience in view of this explanation; and we beg them to bear with us a little longer until a more complete return to former conditions enables us to give them our old-time service more fully.

FREE SERVICE ON NATIONAL WORK.

I am reluctant to leave this subject without explaining that during the last nine months of the war we actually carried out the work of respirator filling at cost price, without a penny of profit. Our shareholders will commend this, I know, and they will join in my gratification at the receipt of a handsome letter of acknowledgment from the Chemical Warfare Department.

THE HOME INDUSTRY IN FINE CHEMICALS.

As you were advised at the last Annual Meeting, our building programme was in arrears at the outbreak of war, for our business had far outgrown our accommodation. Necessity then arose for the production at home of fine chemicals which were previously manufactured only in Germany. Apart from the special Saccharin Department, to which subsequent reference will be made, these new needs called for the speedy erection of five additional blocks of buildings and a power-house also, as the Nottingham Corporation were unable to meet our power requirements. The idea is prevalent in some quarters that these were paid for by the Government. It is a totally erroneous idea, for the one single advantage we enjoyed was that we were allowed to purchase building materials at a time when these were controlled by the Government and when only building work of national importance was permitted. We paid for these materials ourselves, of course, at the inflated market price then current.

Last year I explained in considerable detail the value of our chemical manufactures to Boots Companies and to the country. We can now congratulate ourselves on the extensive developments of the past twelve months. Our equipment is being gradually perfected, and our experts are so employing it, and their own skill, as to enable us to supply increasing quantities of valuable products which the Pharmacist has hitherto found difficulty in obtaining. Our independence of Germany grows more fully manifest; and one feature of particular advantage is the reduction in prices which we may with confidence anticipate when normal conditions return.

You heard a year ago of our large output of Aspirin, Phenacetin, Atropine, etc., as well as of such marvellous sanative agents as the Chloramine Antiseptics, and Proflavine and Acriflavine. You will now be interested to learn that during the war campaign we provided one-hundred-and-fifteen million sterilising tablets to save our troops from the dread danger of poisoned drinking water. I fear that a full list of all our new products would prove tedious to you, but I may mention that in the market and at trade and technical exhibitions their excellence has won for them an eminent reputation. Truly our manufacture of drugs and synthetic chemicals constitutes a valuable addition to the therapeutic resources of the country and a notable national asset.

THE PRODUCTION OF SACCHARIN.

I now propose to deal with the production of Saccharin; and at the outset I may mention that during the shortage of sugar our contribution to national needs was a quantity of saccharin equivalent to no less than one-thousand-seven-hundred-and-eighty-five million tablets, through which—even apart from the timely convenience—the country's finances benefited to the extent of nearly half a million pounds sterling in revenue charges. It should be borne in mind that prior to the War all the saccharin used in this country was of foreign production, and that the foreign producer had the advantage over us of thirty years' experience. Originally our intention was to set up plant for this manufacture on a comparatively modest scale, but when we made application for supplies of Toluene—a controlled substance necessary in the manufacture—the Government urged us to undertake production on a much more extensive plan. We did

this amid difficulties almost incredible. Proper plant was unobtainable, and so our own chemical and engineering staffs had to co-operate in designing and making special equipment. Those socialists who advocate the complete immediate nationalisation of trade and industry may have our assurance of the need for private and individual energy when the uncorrelated functions of various Government departments are frequently overlapping and sometimes mutually obstructive. On the one hand the Sugar Commission urged the work upon us and endeavoured to afford us every facility, while we for our part were most anxious to comply with their wishes. At the same time the action of another Department was holding us back under the threat of heavy penalties. Skilled engineers left us for other national work, and for many weeks we were not permitted to replace them. Only after personal interviews and the most urgent entreaties and telegrams were we allowed to engage a few of the necessary helpers: the official embargo, indeed, was never removed. However, we attained our end finally, and after the heavy initial difficulties under which we did much work, we have established the manufacture of saccharin of the highest quality on a large scale.

I ought to explain that the whole of our production of saccharin has gone to the Government, who have distributed it to tablet makers throughout the country, and that we, the producers, have as retailers received an allocation of only a small portion of the saccharin we manufactured. This has affected us in the following way. Although our production was very large, we could not supply the total quantity needed, and the output of other producers at home was small, so that supplementary supplies had to be imported. The saccharin manufactured at home was under Government control, affording only a comparatively small profit. That from abroad was not so controlled: consequently it brought huge prices and profits. Our allocation each week was snapped up by our customers within an hour, and we felt ourselves morally obliged to refrain from buying and selling saccharin of foreign production, so that no one could possibly imagine that we were selling, as high-priced foreign saccharin, that made at home and subject to the controlled price.

POST-WAR PROSPECTS OF SACCHARIN MANUFACTURE.

A few remarks as to the prospects of Saccharin manufacture after the war will be appropriate. Strong endeavours have been made to create a prejudice against the use of this product; they have been traced to interested parties such as sugar cultivators and manufacturers. It is true that saccharin is without nutritive value, and so it is not recommended as a substitute for sugar in feeding children. The highest medical authorities are, however, fully agreed that it is perfectly innocuous and has no effect whatever on metabolism. It is therefore useful for general sweetening purposes, and has a special value in the case of those subject to adiposity. With the removal of the rationing orders, moreover, many quite healthy people receiving sufficient nourishment from other foods, and conscious that they are benefited by abstinence from sugar, will take advantage of the sweetening properties of saccharin.

I do not wish the following remarks to be misunderstood: I am personally a convinced free trader, and my remarks will have no bearing on the principle of tariffs. Manufacturers were strongly urged by the Government to undertake the production of saccharin to assist the country. Great time and thought were devoted by highly skilled men to the manufacture, and much money was also invested in it. Before the processes were fully established, and the manufacturers reimbursed, the circumstances became less urgent—and very happily so. Now the foreign stocks, which accumulated under the impetus given to foreign manufacture through unrestricted prices, threaten to swamp the market; and the home producer, who as yet has had no time to overcome all the difficulties of new work under extraordinarily adverse conditions, will have to compete in a market where saccharin will be offered at unremunerative prices. It does seem to me that in these circumstances the Government might reasonably give some encouragement to a business largely undertaken to assist them, until its infancy is past, and until business conditions generally resume their normal course. This is the more necessary in view of the fact that in connection with the home manufacture of saccharin certain conditions have to be imposed for revenue purposes, and these involve an extra cost to which the imported product is not subjected.

EXCELLENT EMPLOYEES, EXCELLENT PROSPECTS.

I rejoice that our organisation, our resources and our experience were of national service during the war; and it is a satisfaction to know that they are such as to be of no less value to the country and the people in reconstruction and in peace. I am aware of how much all this is due to the services of my fellow directors and the loyal co-operation of our employees in general, and in particular to the Chemist Managers at our branches. To each and all I tender sincere thanks. No workers could have been more severely tested than ours were during the prolonged epidemic of influenza. The strain was without precedent. I may mention, for example, that at the request of the Medical Officer of Health, five of our Edinburgh branches remained open until midnight. Long queues of people waited with prescriptions. Everywhere our assistants rendered both the public and the firm a most devoted service, and did so regardless of their own comfort or even of their own health. Whenever an over-worked member of the staff was absent through indisposition, the rest uncomplainingly shouldered an extra burden. We have been able to make material acknowledgment of this devotion, but the only adequate compensation is the knowledge each member has of work well done. Such a spirit among the

employees at our branches has been one of the factors of our past success, and will contribute to the still wider utility which lies before us; and believe me we shall not be found wanting in the phase of reconstruction and development upon which the country is now entering.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have pleasure in moving that the accounts and appropriation of the profits, as recommended by the directors, be hereby approved and adopted.

Mr. J. T. Hilder seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The Chairman next moved the re-election of the retiring director, Captain John C. Boot, remarking that his son was at present on active service, and expressing the hope that he would soon be with his colleagues again.

The motion was seconded by Mr. T. S. Ratcliffe and unanimously agreed to.

The auditors (Messrs. Sharp, Parsons & Co.) were reappointed, on the proposition of Mr. A. N. Bromley, seconded by Mr. E. S. Waring.

Mr. G. C. T. Parsons, in acknowledging the re-election of his firm, said: Sir Jesse, it has been quite an education to listen to your address. One hardly realises that your company has been doing such important national work, and yet at the same time has been carrying on its ordinary business. I think you, sir, and the directors and all the members of the staff are entitled to very warm congratulations that you have been able through this trying time to carry on the business so effectively and so efficiently to help the country in its time of need. It has been usual for me when I have acknowledged the re-election of my firm in previous years to go into questions of finance to some extent, but we have such a monotony of prosperity in this company that there is nothing new to say. I feel that my position is very much the same as that of a man who is trying to prove the value of Consols. Among gilt-edged securities Consols are readily accepted without further explanation, and I have come to regard this company as occupying very much the same position in regard to Industrials. You have a company which goes on with a good record year by year, and during times which might have upset many less strong companies this company has been able to carry on and make even a greater success than last year.

LADY BOOT JOINS THE BOARD.

I do not think that the financial part of the business requires further consideration—it is self-evident—but I do want to refer to a personal matter, if I may. There has been nothing said about it at the meeting, but I notice that while last year the directors were yourself, sir, Captain Boot and Mr. Waring, now we have another director, Lady Boot—(hear, hear)—and I hope the shareholders will give Lady Boot a very warm welcome to this Board. The fact of Lady Boot having joined the Board reminds me of a romance that happened many years ago—a romance which it is always pleasant to me to remember; in fact, I regard it as one of the tit-bits of my professional life. Out of that romance our Chairman found what the good old Book calls a "helpmeet" for him. Now, it would be impossible for those who are not acquainted with the inner working of the business to know how great Lady Boot's help has been to our Chairman in all the work which he has undertaken. I make bold to say that but for Lady Boot's fostering care I do not think our Chairman could have faced and carried on as successfully as he has done through the very strenuous and difficult times he has had to meet, and here we have the pleasure of having Sir Jesse still with us with great vigour, a perpetual cheerfulness, and a great part of it due, in my judgment, to the great help which Lady Boot has given him. Therefore, I feel that it should be no empty compliment asking Lady Boot to come on this Board. She is really of great help to the company, and I hope that her reception as a director, though I understand she is not to come up for re-election, will be very warm. (Hear, hear). Before I sit down I should also like to acknowledge what comes to my notice in the course of our audit—that is, the excellent way in which the secretarial work is carried through by our old friend Mr. Milne, the skill that he puts into it and the literary power, and also the great excellence with which the books are kept under the presidency of Mr. Ratcliffe and Mr. Gillespie, the resident accountant. Our audit must at all times be one of great responsibility, but the books are presented to us in such a complete and correct way that it reduces our responsibility to a minimum, and I feel personally very greatly indebted to those three gentlemen for the admirable way in which the books and records are laid before us. (Applause).

Mr. James Aspdon said he had great pleasure in proposing a very hearty and sincere vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding at this meeting. He also wished to say, on behalf of the shareholders, how fully they endorsed Sir Jesse's remarks in the latter part of his speech when he thanked his co-directors and all the employees of the company for their services during the past strenuous year. There was one little addition, however, he would like to make as a shareholder, and that was that they should add Sir Jesse's name to the list of persons who had worked so strenuously on behalf of the company during the past year, and who deserved their hearty thanks. (Applause). With those few remarks he begged to move a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman, his co-directors, and the staff.

The vote was unanimously accorded.

The Chairman, in acknowledging the compliment, said he was exceedingly obliged to Mr. Parsons for the kind remarks he had made about Lady Boot. But for her help and encouragement on many occasions when he had been heavily afflicted he must have given up, and he begged to make this public acknowledgment.

The proceedings then terminated.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Senate will proceed to elect External Examiners for the Examinations, other than Medical, above Matriculation (A) for the year 1919-20, as follows:—

In Agriculture: Botany (two); Chemistry: Common Law, etc.; Dutch: Economics: Education: English Constitutional Law: Equity and Real and Personal Property: French (two); Geography: Geology: German: Greek: History: Mathematics: Music: Philosophy (two); Physics: Physiology: Public Administration and Finance: Spanish. (B) for the year 1919 as follows:—One in Engineering (including Theory of Machines and of Structures, Strength of Materials, Surveying, Hydraulics and Theory of Heat Engines).

The Senate will also proceed to elect External Examiners in subjects of the Examinations for Medical Degrees for the Year 1919-20, as follows:—

Higher Examinations for Medical Degrees.

One in Pathology. One in Forensic Medicine and Hygiene.

One in Surgery.

Second Examination for Medical Degrees, Part II.

One in Anatomy.

N.B.—Attention is drawn to the provision of Statute 124, whereby the Senate is required, if practicable, to appoint at least one Examiner who is not a Teacher of the University.

Particulars of the remuneration and duties can be obtained on application.

Candidates must send in their names to the External Registrar, Geo. F. Goodchild, M.A., B.Sc., with any attestation of their qualifications they may think desirable, on or before Wednesday, 29th January, 1919, in respect of Examinations other than Medical; and on or before Saturday, 15th February, 1919, in respect of Medical Examinations.

It is particularly desired by the Senate that no application of any kind be made to its individual members.

If testimonials are submitted, three copies at least of each should be sent. Original testimonials should not be forwarded in any case. If more than one Examinership is applied for, a separate complete application, with copies of testimonials, if any, must be forwarded in respect of each. No special form of application is necessary.

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